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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 44 No. 4 APRIL, 1952

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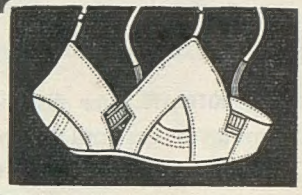

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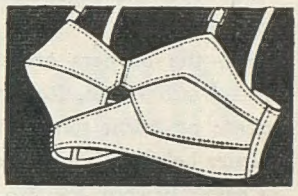

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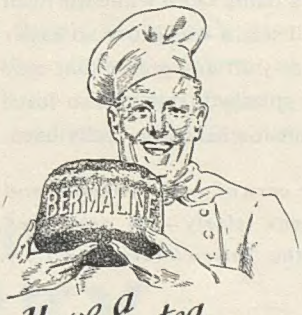

Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

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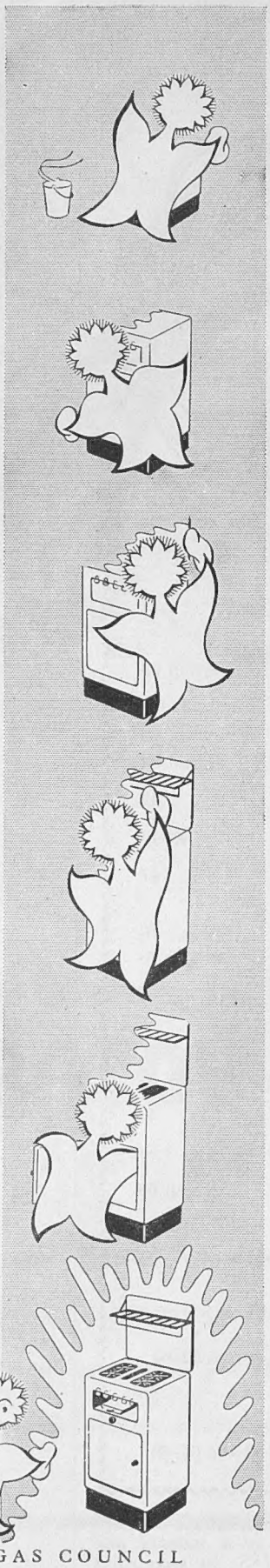

The new gas cookers do a wonderful job for you in making the most of your food and gas supplies. But even if yours is an older model there's still *years* of good service in it—particularly if you give it a little care and attention.

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Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

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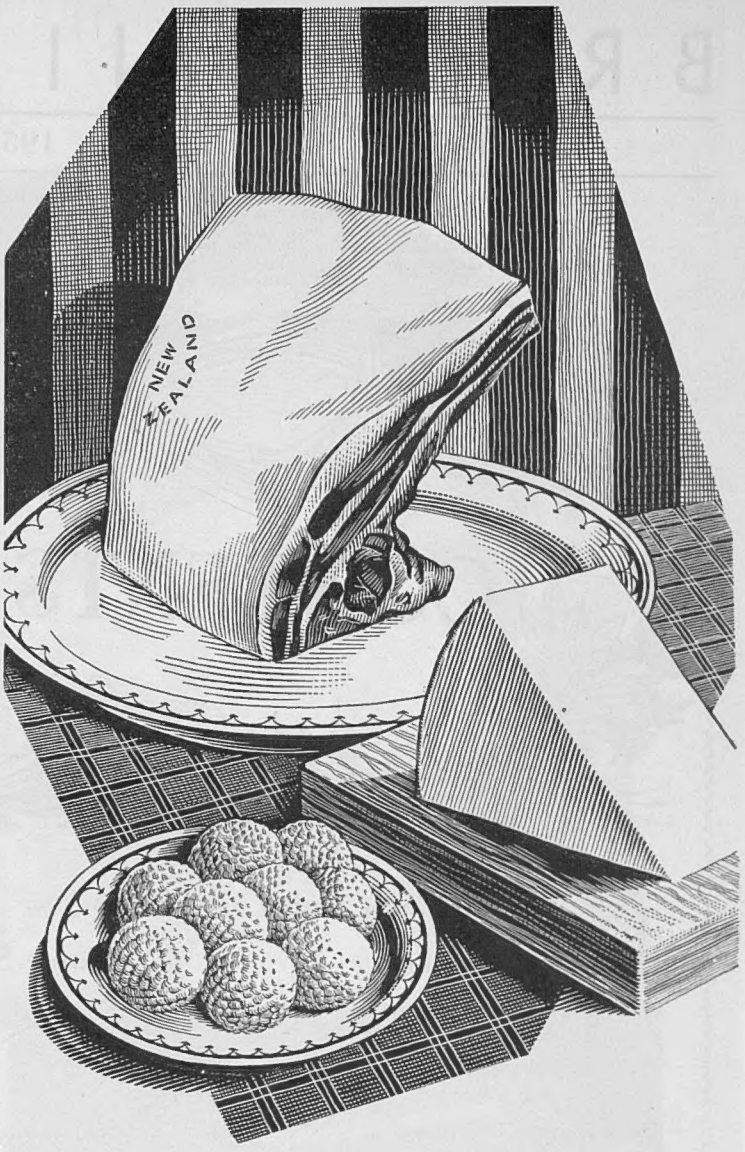

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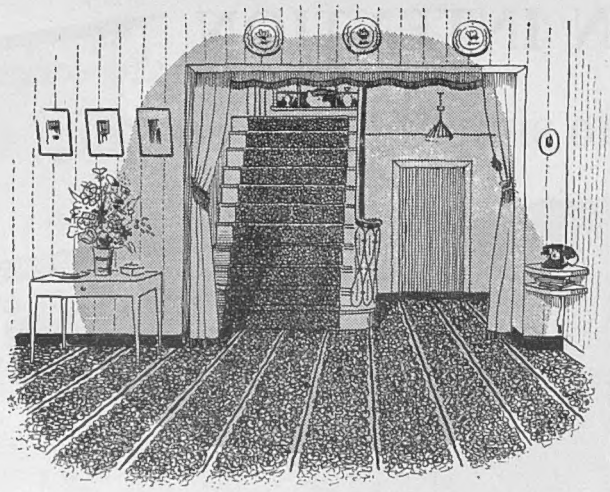
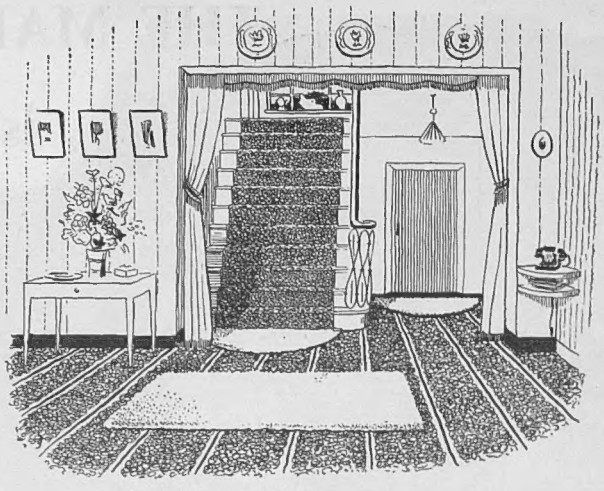


the hall



the Hall

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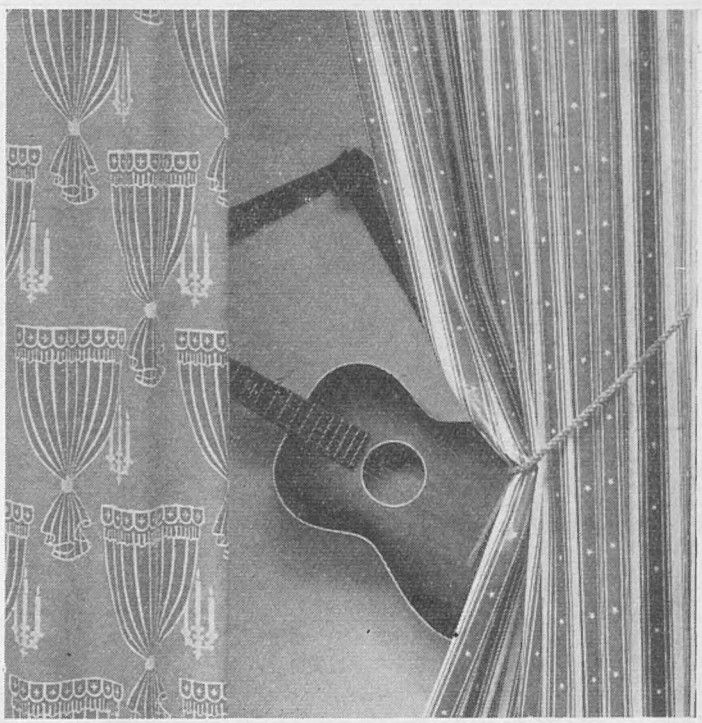

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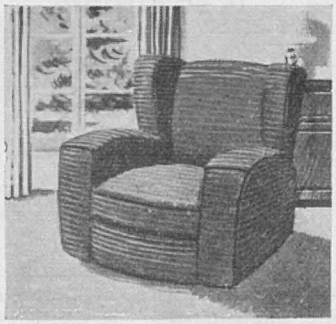

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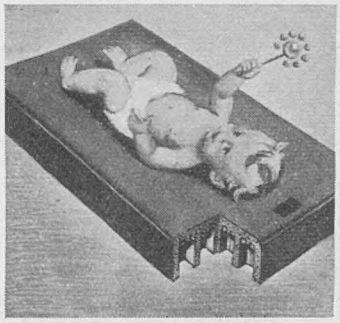

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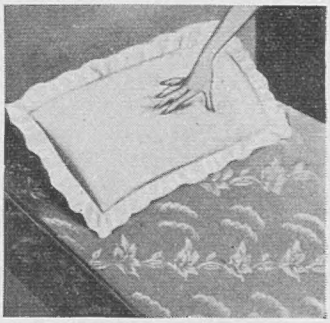

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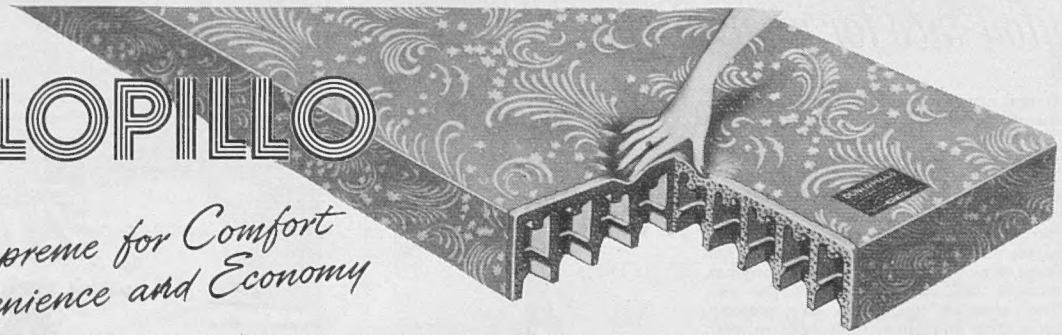

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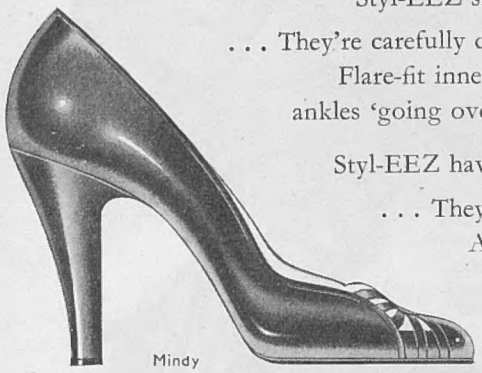

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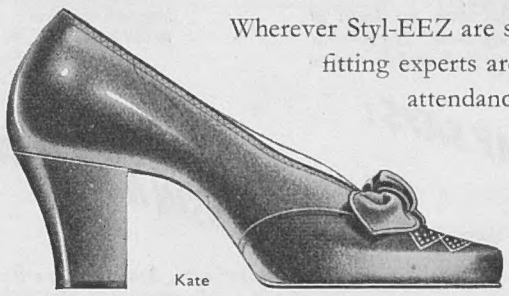

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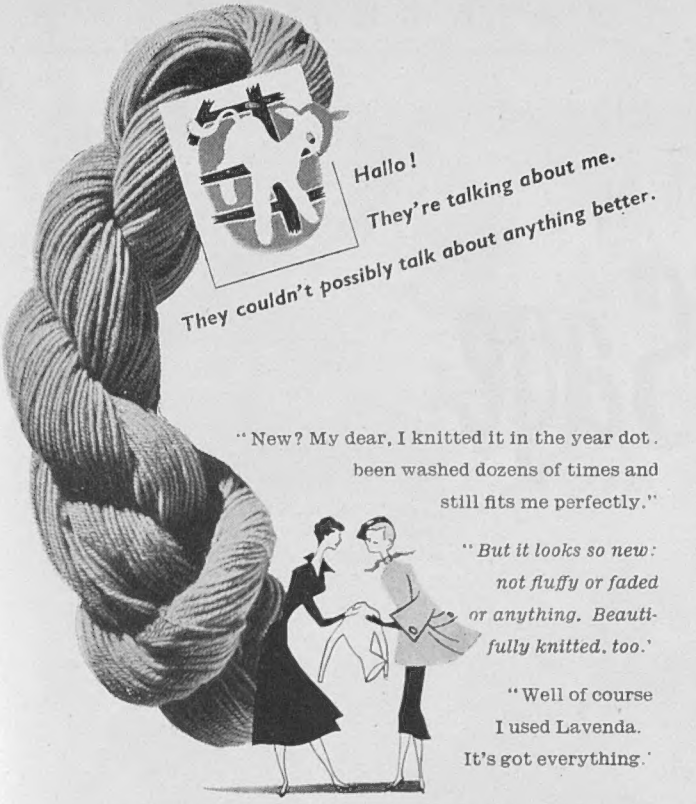
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They're talking about me.
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"But it looks so new: not fluffy or faded or anything. Beautifully knitted, too.'
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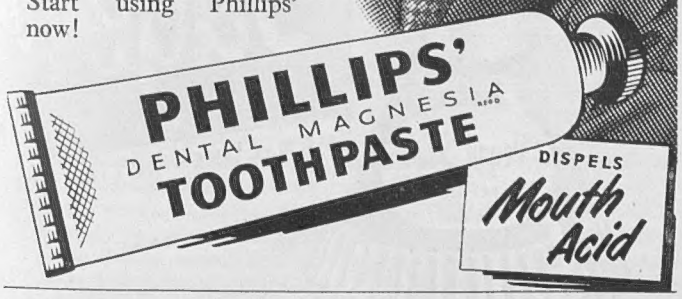

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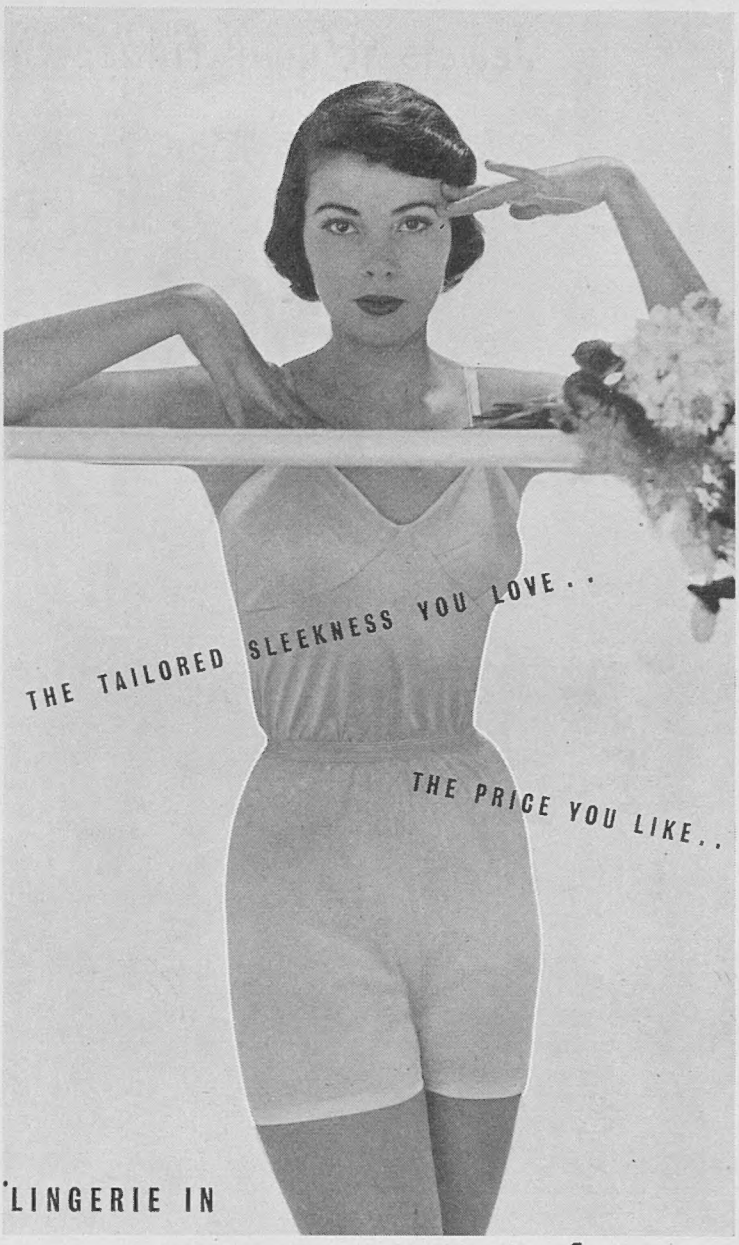

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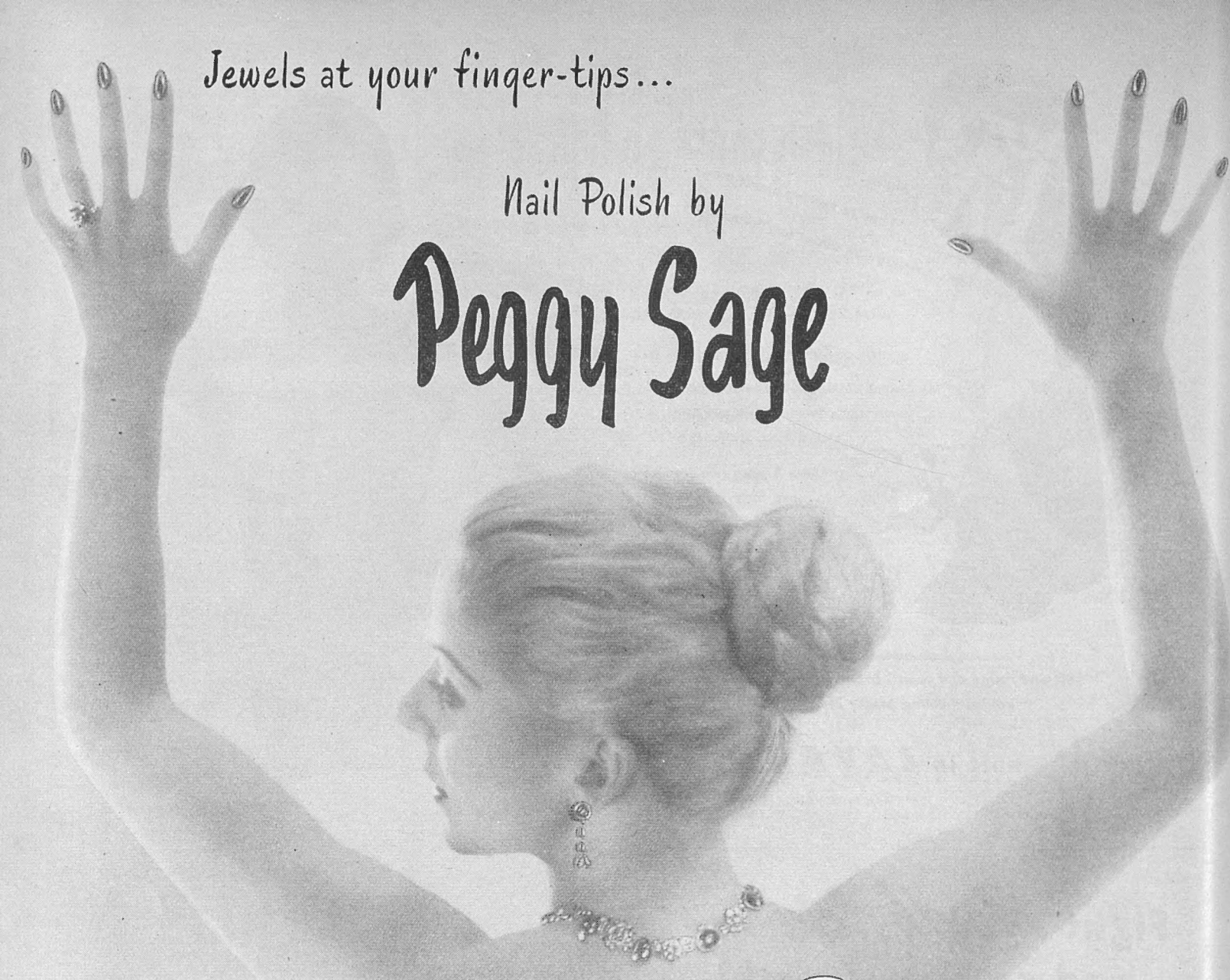

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which gives such sparkle and colour purity.
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could conjure up such magical new shades.
Dark Blaze, Peggy's Own and Shimmering Pink Pearl
are three of the new adventures in colour.

Hand-wrought jewellery by Sibyl Dunlop of Kensington.

Baron Vierzon was sitting in one of the stage boxes. His opera-glasses were focussed on Mademoiselle Suzette.

BY JULIA MANNERING

The Baron and the Ballerina

A ROMANTIC SHORT STORY

BARON VIERZON was sitting in one of the stage boxes. His opera-glasses were focussed on Mademoiselle Suzette. Yes, there she was, the second one on the left, with the flaming red hair and the green crinoline, which she lifted tantalisingly in the intricacies of the dance. Her slim ankles in their long, black silk stockings and the flashing enchantment of her smile held him completely. He watched her, unmoving, filled with desire.

It was not, of course, unknown for the Baron to be enchanted, but what was most unusual was that he had been enchanted for two months. And what was absolutely unheard of was that the Baron still loved her, although she had been his possession for six weeks. The Baron usually got tired of things as soon as he had bought them.

The dance ended and the ladies of the ballet fell into a graceful curtsy as the last strains of the waltz died away. Their crinolines billowed out around them so that, from the Baron's vantage point, they looked like so many graceful flowers swaying and dipping in the wind.

The red plush curtains fell together, and the audience rose.

The Baron went to the bar for a brandy, and then, as was his usual custom, made his way round to the stage door. He brushed past the stage doorkeeper without even giving his name. In any case, the stage doorkeeper would have been too frightened to ask for it, for the Baron was a very important man.

He climbed the narrow staircase, his opera cloak with its scarlet lining billowing out behind him, and reached Mademoiselle Suzette's dressing-room.

SCREAMS of laughter came from behind the dressing-room door. The Baron was displeased. He knew that Suzette shared a dressing-room with her friend, Rité, but he expected her to be alone by the time he arrived. He stroked his beard thoughtfully, and then flung open the door. As he did so he heard Rité say, "Of course, my dear, I should insist on it. If he——"

And then she turned, and catching sight of the Baron, picked up her bonnet and ran for it. It was quite obvious that the two girls had been talking of him.

Suzette, on the other hand, was not in the least little bit disconcerted. She was sitting on a stool near her dressing-table, with one leg on the dressing-table, carefully adjusting her stocking seam, her petticoats making a front of white lace round her. She smiled at the Baron : but it was an insolent smile.

"Good evening, Monsieur," she said briefly, and proceeded to adjust the ribbons in her petticoat bodice and brush out her bronze curls.

"Don't let me disturb you," said the Baron sarcastically. (He had a cold, cutting voice with which he was accustomed to strike terror in his wife's bosom.)

"Oh, you are not disturbing me," said Suzette. "There is plenty of time. I 'm glad you came this evening. I want to have a little discussion with you."

"Discussion! But we shall be late. We are expected at the house of Comte Letois by just after midnight and it is already ten past the hour." He consulted his pocket watch.

"I don't care where or when we are expected," said Suzette, "I am going to have a little discussion with you."

"My poor little Suzette, you must not trouble your pretty little head with discussions." He laid his hand on her white shoulder. She snatched it away.

"Now, now, Suzette, you are not going to be unkind to me," said the Baron pleading, and he sat beside her on the wide stool, putting his arms round her slim, corsetted waist.

"Suzette, I love you. I have never loved anyone as I love you."

"Then that is extremely good, because now is your chance to prove it," said Suzette.

"To prove it? But I have already done that," said the Baron. "Have I not given you many proofs of my tenderness?"

"Indeed you have," said Suzette, fingering the heavy gold bracelets, set with diamonds and rubies, on her white arms.

"And have you not got the prettiest little house, a jewel of a house, of any of the girls of your acquaintance?"

"Indeed I have," said Suzette.

"And the most efficient maid to attend to your wants?"

"There is no denying it."

"And the prettiest furniture, and the most luxurious bed?"

"Which you share," said Suzette demurely.

"You have all these things," said the Baron, "and yet you complain."

"There is only one thing which I lack," said Suzette, looking up at him.

"What is that?" He looked into her amber eyes, and, standing close to her, slid his arm again round her white naked shoulders. "Name it, and you shall have it!"

Mademoiselle Suzette held up her slim little hand.

"Something for my fingers."

"A solitaire diamond? You shall have the biggest one in Paris."

"No. A wedding ring."

THE Baron broke off his embrace. He was appalled and amazed that his mistress should demand marriage! This was an unbelievable folly. He looked at her for a second and burst out laughing.

"You are joking!"

"No, I am perfectly serious."

"But I am married."

"I know that, but you can divorce your wife. If you don't love her—and you have assured me many times that you do not—why not put an end to it?"

Now the Baron was extremely angry.

"You expect me to divorce my wife, shake my family to its foundations, desecrate the sanctity of the marriage tie, and marry you—the daughter of a fishmonger of the Halles! You are obviously out of your mind!"

"You refuse?" Suzette looked at him. She was not angry at his insults; she was merely weighing up his answer and waiting.

"Of course I refuse."

"In that case, I am not coming out with you to-night; and you can give me back the key of my house."

"Your house? But it 's *my* house."

"No it isn't. You forget the title deeds are in my name."

THE Baron pleaded, he implored. He abased himself. He flung himself on his knees. He sobbed. He made a spectacle of himself. Never in his life had he felt like this. But nothing, neither the pathetic story of his love for his only son, nor the violence of his embraces, nor promises of riches beyond the dreams of a fishmonger's daughter, would move her. She would not come out that night, and she wanted the key of her house.

Finally he grew extremely angry, with a cold anger which she had never seen before.

He flung down the key on the dressing-table, where it smashed a scent bottle, and the air was heavy with the perfume of patchouli.

"You can take your key, but don't ever expect to see me again!" he shouted.

He snatched up his opera cloak and stick, and cramming his silk hat on his head, stormed out of the room. Mademoiselle Suzette remained quite calm. She returned to her toilet.

She placed her other leg on the dressing-table and adjusted the seam of her other stocking. She powdered her face and rouged her lips. She tied her crinoline round her waist and slipped her flounced dress over it. She put on her feathered bonnet.

Then she looked at herself in the glass. She was well satisfied with the result. She smiled roguishly at herself in the mirror. It was an expression she had been practising for some time. Finally she picked up the key and slipped it into her bodice. It struck cold against her perfect breasts. That was that. She turned down the lamp and went out into the corridor.

MEANWHILE the Baron was making his way down the boulevard. He walked fast. He was so angry that he hardly knew where he was walking. Several drivers of cabs reined in their horses, hoping to get a fare, but he shouted at them to go on.

A fine rain was falling and the flaring lights of the gas jets were reflected in the shiny pavements. The sound of music and laughter floated out from the restaurants, but the Baron walked steadily on. Never in his life had he been so insulted.

He felt like smashing something, or getting drunk.

He saw something he had never seen before. A woman with her hands clasped round a man's neck. Her lips were on his cheek and she was pleading with him.

Lowen

It was not a pleasant morning to die. The trees dripped a little from last night's rain and the soaking grass underfoot added to the depression of the grim morning's work.

He would find another mistress—and at once. He would show her what she had missed! But when he thought of her slim legs, and the roguery of her smile, he was reduced to a state of impotent fury and self-pity.

Still walking furiously, he gradually turned his steps away from the lights of the boulevards into the quieter streets beyond, and then quite inadvertently he found himself outside his own front door.

THE Hotel Vierzon was an enormous mansion which stood back from the road, with a courtyard in front of it guarded by immense iron gates. He rang the bell furiously and a servant came running to open it.

When he saw the Baron he was at once all subservience and concern. Never in his life before had he seen the Baron walking, and in the rain too. He was horrified. His trembling hands could hardly turn the great key in the lock.

The Baron pushed past him without a word, and his rapid steps rang on the cobblestones of the courtyard. He reached the front door.

The same thing happened. Another trembling, horrified servant let him in. The house was quite still. The great hall was faintly lit by a lamp on the staircase.

"Bring brandy to the drawing-room," he said to the servant.

"Yes, Monsieur, certainly." The old man hobbled off.

"It is a good thing my wife is in bed," the Baron thought to himself. "I am in no mood to-night for idle social chatter."

And then, for a second, he reflected with some old tenderness on the innocence of his wife. After all, she was a good woman. She was young, she was pretty. Sometimes she was boring, but the virtuous life she led had its advantages.

Calm without the storms of passion: that had something to recommend it. Perhaps, after all, he was wrong to seek love elsewhere but under his own roof.

HE crossed the passage and opened the drawing-room door. A fire was flickering in the grate, but otherwise the room was dark. And there, beside the flames, he saw something he had never seen before in his house. A woman with her hands clasped round a man's neck. Her lips were on his cheek and she was pleading with him.

"You can't leave me," she said, "after all we have been to one another!"

THE Baron stopped in his tracks. The woman was his wife. The man was his best friend, Paul de St. Pierre. For a second he was speechless with rage.

"What the devil——!" he stammered. The couple by the fireside broke apart.

"Oh, it's you, Henri," said Marie Jose. She made no attempt to wipe the tear stains from her beautiful face.

She was wearing a dark red crinoline which contrasted well with her pale face and dark hair. In spite of her distraught expression, she was a very beautiful woman.

"What do you mean, 'Oh, it's you'? I find you in a situation which might well cost a man his life, and you merely say 'Oh, it's you'—as if I had just come in after a stroll in the Bois!

"As for you, Paul—how could you so grossly deceive me? I am your best friend; we were students together, brought up (*Continued on page 72*)

Women Without Men

What is the solution to the acute problem arising from the increasing predominence of women over men? Russia alone has a ruthless answer

THAT a good deal of the initial, enfevered support won by "the handsome Adolf" in the middle "twenties" came from the legion of lonesome women in wake of the first World War has set people in Germany wondering whether the next freakishly magnetic male will have to thank the war widows and spinsters left by the second World War for much of *his* early success.

It is a chastening thought because female loneliness, frustration and hunger for men and for motherhood are more pronounced in the Germany of 1952 than they were in 1922. In warring from Brest to Moscow, from Alamein to Narvik, Hitler bled his own people pale. In six years six million Germans were killed or disappeared.

Add the dispersal of family life in the wrecked cities and towns and the ill-assorting and cleavages consequent on the "Iron Curtain" falling clean across Germany, and it is not surprising that five million German women are to-day facing the prospect of going through life not only husbandless but yearning—most of them—for male companionship of some kind.

In unnaturally crowded West Germany there are 3,400,000 more women than men in the age group over twenty-one. More eloquent: between the ages of twenty-five and forty there are 150 women to every 100 men. There is no point in talking about such a preponderance righting itself eventually by the play of normal forces of birth and survival. "Eventually." How long might that be? "Normal forces." Here is the principal of them, set down in a letter to *Ihre Freundin*, one of the largest women's magazines:

> Certain hours will always come to the unmarried woman when Nature demands its right, when she is irresistibly carried away by her longing to be a mother. Many times have I heard well-brought up girls in these ugly post-war years saying, "If I don't get married before I'm thirty I'm going to have a baby anyway." How sad to hear such words in such mouths! They must clearly recognize they will be classed with loose women. But the word mother makes up for everything.

What about the child? The child gets a better deal than formerly. Under a new German law illegitimate babies of the post-war years are legitimized and protected by law in various ways. But anything put forward to soften things for their mothers is met with a frown. One of Germany's women leaders, Dorothea Klage, proposed "temporary marriages" for child-bearing. From another quarter came a suggestion for polygamy. Both solutions were turned down.

Meanwhile, there is no abatement of "love hunger."

THE impulses of German women involved have been studied since the war by sociologists and churchmen, politicians and even statesmen. Ideas, plans and programmes of divers kinds have been propounded.

The Americans lent a hand by bringing over representatives of a dozen women's organizations, who told of the advantages of (*Continued on page* 70)

By

FERDINAND TUOHY

The Kaiser bred a docility and submissiveness in German women, not to be erased in a generation

Thrills and Furbelows

By James Laver

FEW women are quite free from the suspicion that with the departure of the era of romantic dress one of the most deadly accessories of feminine attractiveness was lost. Women have, it seems, a secret yearning for the thrills and phantasies which the clothes of the past appear to provide; indeed some of the beauteous costumes of the past tempt one to think them irresistible. Surely in such a ruff one might be as glorious as Gloriana; in such a picture hat, lovely as Gainsborough's Duchess of Devonshire; or in such a crinoline as imposing as The Empress Eugenie? But these are illusions.

It is typical of the modern approach that such things are considered as attractions in this sense. The Victorian lady would have indignantly denied that her clothes had any other purpose than to protect her modesty, to keep her warm and to "maintain her position in society." And this in spite of her artificially-enlarged hips and her deep off-the-shoulder décolletage. Nowadays we have accepted the fact, which instinctively women have always known, that Fashion is an armoury of weapons, and the question is whether women have discarded them too recklessly.

Fashion plates demonstrate the vicissitudes of feminine clothes from the crinolines of 1863 above, to the evening dress, left, which graced the ballrooms of 1898

WHAT are these weapons of Fashion? And when were they invented? The answer, for once, is simple. Fashion was invented in the luxurious courts of France and Burgundy in the closing years of the fourteenth century. In those courts there was everything to be gained, if you were a woman, by attracting the attention of the King, and the way to attract his attention was by being attractive. It sounds obvious enough, but most people have forgotten what the word "attractive" means. The great discovery was that it was possible to be more attractive than one would otherwise be by the right use of clothes.

It is obvious that if a woman is swathed up like a brown paper parcel, if her hair and even part of her face is hidden, and if her clothes conceal altogether the shape of the body, she cannot, let us say, make the most of her physical advantages. In such a society there is obviously no place for Fashion, any more than there is at the other extreme, in primitive communities where women wear almost no clothes at all.

Fashion is a game of hide and seek, with revealment and concealment playing Box and Cox with one another. Fashion reveals the shape of the body up to a point—the point at which it begins to grow interesting. It draws attention first to one part of it and then to another and this shifting emphasis is the whole basis of Fashion.

Modern psychologists call this—in their rather frightening way—the Theory of the Shifting Erogenous Zone! According to this theory the body of woman is attractive to man as a totality, but the mind of man is, so to say, too weak to take it all in at once. He is compelled to concentrate his attention upon one bit of it, and this bit Fashion seizes upon and emphasizes by every means at its disposal until it becomes a bore. And then the emphasis shifts, sometimes quite suddenly, and another "zone" comes into the limelight.

IN one age the emphasis is on the shoulders, in another on the waist or the hips, in another on the legs. Let us begin with the legs. Extreme shortness of skirt is one of the recent devices of Fashion and it is only because it has happened twice in the last generation that we do not find it startling. People have forgotten that skirts did not become really short until the end of 1925, but they remained so, long enough to be accepted as the typical post-war costume. They went long again in the early thirties and did not become short once more until the eve of the second World War. They were violently denounced by religious and moral leaders, as Fashion's extremes always are, but with the usual result—that is, no result at all!

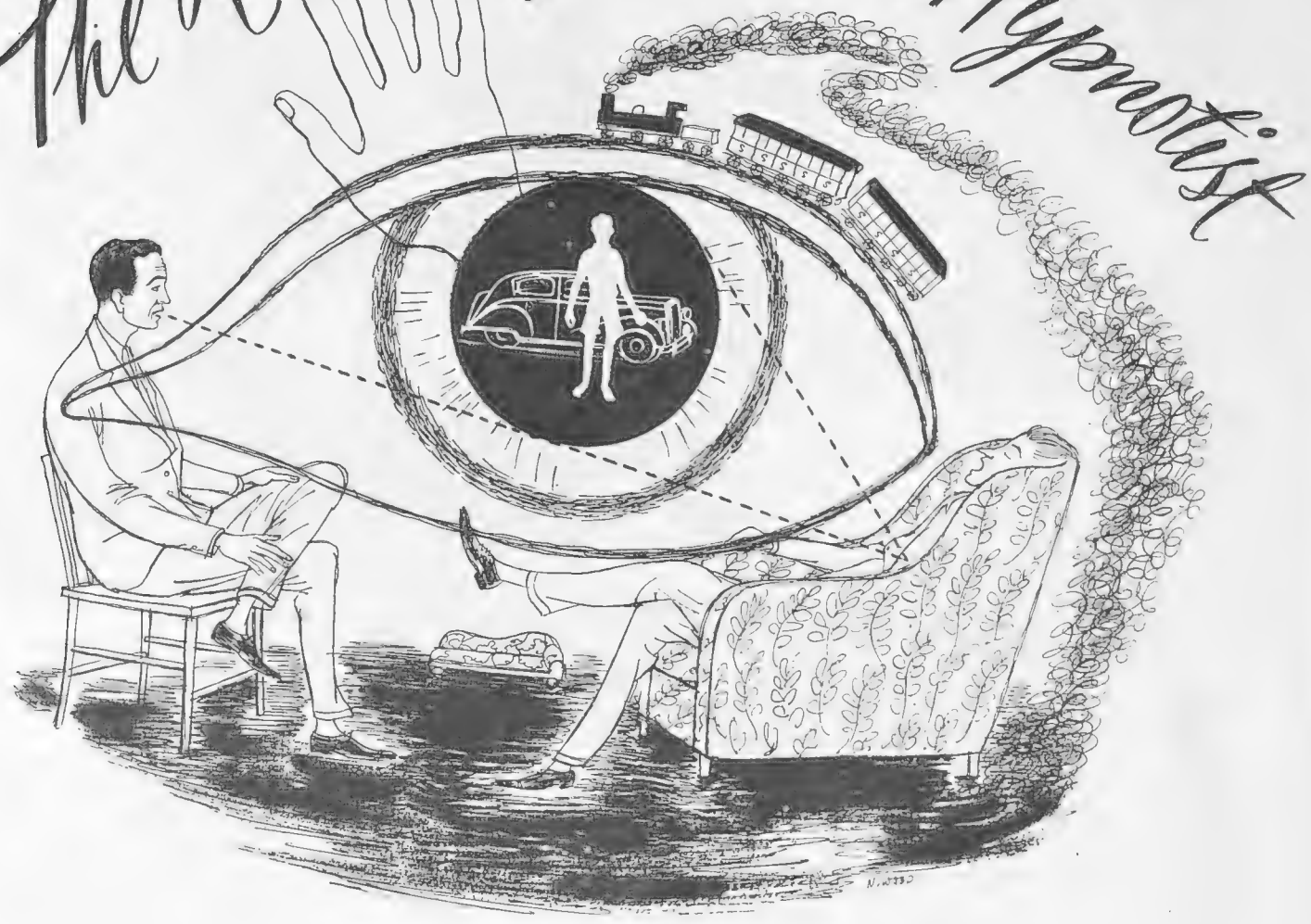
At the top of the page is a rural ball dress of 1832 beside a court dress of 1777 and, right, the fashion worn by smart ladies of 1807.

Tight-lacing and an emphasis on the hips are really the same thing, for it is obvious that extremely wide skirts have the effect of making the waist look even smaller than it is. The farthingales of Elizabeth's reign, the panniers of the early eighteenth century, the crinolines of the eighteen-sixties, all had the same purpose: to draw attention to a fragile waist springing like a delicate plant out of a particularly big pot.

BUT if these are the traditional weapons of Fashion many of them would seem to be denied to women today. What woman would care to be burdened with a crinoline when she is trying to board a bus? Who wants cascades of lace to catch in the typewriter or long trailing skirts to sweep up the dust of the floor? Imagine a hobble skirt in the shopping queue, or a frilly blouse at the kitchen sink! Surely a great many of the fine clothes of the past were worn by a leisured class, and are quite out of place in an age when every woman has a job—and sometimes two or three.

So, surely pessimism is unjustified? After all we still have evening dress—and, incidentally, a more daring décolletage than has ever been known to history except during the reign of Charles II—and more and more young women are wearing it. Even in day clothes (*Continued on page* 83)

The Receiving End of a Hypnotist



I AM, or was, an asthmatic. .

I couldn't have a quick one at opening time without waking up with a wheeze at two the next morning, nor could I endure a third-class smoking compartment on a City train. I was suspicious of strange smells, and I have been known to prowl round the house looking for them when I ought to have been fast asleep. I was uneasy in a room without at least one window open, and the healthy fug of a dance-hall was guaranteed to make me beg my wife fetch her cloak and take me wheezing homewards.

I was, in short, a social nuisance.

But not now, or at least, not nearly so much of a one. Why? Because when all else had failed, after twenty-odd years of ephedrine, skin-tests, shots of adrenalin, poultices, nasal drops, and so forth (the list is endless) my doctor said: "Well, George, we've tried everything in the book. Now let's send you to a medical hypnotist."

I confess to being both scared and sceptical, but I went. I don't like giving myself over to someone else's will and for that reason fight against anaesthetics. In fact, my wait in one of Harley Street's noble (and expensive) waiting-rooms reminded me of the wait in a hospital bed for the sound of the theatre-trolley.

But in I went, more or less resigned if only because the hypnotist was first and foremost a qualified doctor. This latter-day magician was lounging behind a desk, a big fellow, giving out a sense of confidence as effortlessly as a hyacinth gives out scent. For half an hour he talked to me, extracting my medical history almost without my knowing it.

George Beardmore explains the benefits of medical or "controlled hypnosis"

HE also threw in one or two reassuring facts about medical, or "controlled," hypnosis. He told me that I should be fully aware of what was going on and that in fact, my co-operation was an essential part of the treatment, for which reason sensible and well-balanced people make the best patients.

I told him that I was prepared to be sensible and well-balanced. He also told me that he wasn't going to cure me but that I should cure myself, at his suggestion. Asthma, he said, was most often an idea gone wrong, and so also were various forms of insomnia, skin-disease, indigestion, timidity, stammering, and other evils. The suggestion that the banjo-box I called my lungs was only a bad idea struck me as funny, at the time.

He rose to lead me into a smaller sanctum equipped with a couch, a small wooden chair, and a deep armchair. I said to myself: "Now for it."

HE took the wooden chair and I the deep armchair. No flashing mirrors, no twinkling signet-ring, no Fu-Manchu stuff of any sort. He simply spoke to me. Presently he sat by my side and asked me to look at my right thumb. "That thumb," he said, "is very light, so light that it is going to rise up in the air."

To my astonishment the thumb rose. I was also surprised to find, on hearing that my right leg was very heavy, that I couldn't lift it, whereas I could lift my left leg with my usual ease. Similarly, when he told me that my right hand could feel no pain, I discovered that indeed it was so. He could have stuck a needle into that right hand (and on a later occasion did) without my feeling a thing.

These tricks were necessary, he explained, to prove to me the powerful influence of suggestion over the physical body.

Meanwhile I had closed my eyes and was breathing (*Continued on page* 83)

THE infant was so merry that he made them all laugh—most of all Bacchus, the flushed wine-god

OLD TALES RETOLD

PAN and the NYMPHS

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW

Story by
TREVOR ALLEN

BEAUTIFUL, in the dawn of the world and of ancient myth, were the forests and pastures of Arcady with their flocks and herds, their shepherds, herdsmen and hunters. But they needed a god to embody their mysterious beauty and joy—and something of their terror, too, when the wind roared and the woods reverberated with strange, warning voices.

Legend says that the god was born when Hermes loved and wedded Dryops, the comely daughter of an Arcadian shepherd. When she saw the infant she was terrified and fled. He was ruddy-cheeked, he had squat horns peeping from his thick curls, pointed ears, furry chest, and the hairy legs of a goat.

But Hermes proudly swathed him in a hare skin and carried him to Olympus to show his brother-gods. The infant was so merry and full of mischief that he made them all laugh—most of all Bacchus, the flushed wine-god, who christened him Pan, meaning "all, everything"; and when he grew up, it is said, he repaid Bacchus' love by saving his army of satyrs from great danger with wild screams that echoed a thousandfold among the woods and rocks.

Pan became the voice and spirit of all nature, especially of the solitary sylvan places. He was the god of the husbandman's bees, as well as of his flocks and herds. He was the sap in trees, the rustle in reeds and tall grass, the delicate swaying of daffodil, hyacinth and asphodel, the piping of birds, the mournful cry of peewit and curlew, the soft cooing of doves, the bellowing of bulls and stags.

THERE was a great gathering to weigh the music mortal against the music immortal

His was the mocking laughter in eerie, haunted places and in the dark woods at night. His, too, the sadness of still meres at twilight, of dim forest glades at dusk. Men worshipped him in all around them —and feared him.

Most of all they exulted in him when he led the rout of dancing nymphs and leaping fauns through the woods, waking the silences with wild, joyous cries and triumphant laughter. There was one Arcadian nymph, Syrinx, whom the fauns worshipped for her beauty, for she was lovely and free, with eager face, streaming hair, breasts bared to the breeze, light, lissom limbs that took her swiftly over the ground as she raced the winds.

She had no wish for love; she pitied the love-struck nymphs who must always be dancing and gambolling with fauns and satyrs, filling the woods with their shrill, frightened cries. Gay, happy, carefree, her joy was to follow the huntress Diana in the chase with bow and arrow; she was as fleet of foot as the wild creatures they pursued, a child of nature as chaste as the goddess she worshipped.

ONE evening she was speeding home through the forest when she met Pan on a solitary path. He gazed at her with his sly, slant eyes in which shone both tenderness and a glint of mischievous cruelty. "A fair nymph," he mused. "A nymph meet for loving!" She saw the malicious desire in his glance when he spoke of love and praised her beauty. As he sought to draw her to him with soft words she felt fear for the first time and ran off in terror, with Pan bounding after her, laughing and mocking, his small hoofs pounding the earth behind her like a young stallion's.

Trailing creepers caught at her feet, making her stumble; tree roots tripped her, overhanging branches clutched at her, the whole forest seemed to be in league with its god against her. Frantic and breathless, she pressed on, but nearer he drew, panting, until she could feel his hot breath on her neck. Now, right across her path, gleamed the River Ladon; she was trapped. As he flung out his arms to seize her she prayed for succour and stumbled forward over the bank. He tried to grasp her as she fell, but found within his arms only a clump of reeds, dry and brittle and hollow.

Sighing forlornly, he said: "Nymph, you shall yet be mine!" and plucked some of them, and bound them together, and made them into pipes of varying length and pitch. All night he sat by the river playing them, voicing his frustrated love for the vanished Syrinx. For the

AS he sought to draw her to him with soft words, she felt fear for the first time, and ran off in terror with Pan bounding after her, laughing and mocking, his small hoofs pounding the earth behind her like a young stallion's

first time the still forest echoed the plaintive music of the pipes of Pan.

HE came to love the sound of his pipes, in which the nymph spoke, chiding him for his cruel desire. Everywhere he went he played them, and all the lure of the secret places was in their melodious notes. He had only to blow upon them and other nymphs would answer their call and come running to his arms, eager for love.

One lovelier than all, whose name was Pitys, he lured through the lonely places and over rocky heights to the verge of a lofty cliff. All the wonder and ecstasy of life were hers as he held out his arms against the blue arc of sky to enfold her. But as she ran to him, filled with the joy of surrender, the blustering north wind, Boreas, caught her up and whirled her over the brink on to the rocks far below.

Again the best prize of all had been snatched from Pan at the moment of grasping. Peering over the edge, he saw a tall pine tree spring from the shattered body of Pitys. Anon he found the tree, wove a crown from its sharp needles, and wore it in memory of her. This was the sadness in Pan that mingled always with the beauty and joy, for he was not only the spring sap in the trees, he was the sere foliage of autumn, too, and the sigh of the winter winds.

In the Phrygian

THEY were inspired, exalted, transported in spirit to the very summit of Olympus where they walked with gods and felt as gods

forest the fabulously rich King Midas heard the piping of Pan. "It is a music that moves all things to rapture," he said. "It is better than Apollo's." Peasant-born, he longed to leave his artificial court and live the simple life of the woods, merry-making with the goatherds and shepherds, the nymphs, dryads and fauns who danced to those enchanting pipes. Away with the cares of kingship! He would be a peasant again, revelling in the freedom of the fields and glades.

Apollo, who overheard his words, was angry and challenged the worldly Pan to a contest. "Would you," he demanded, "set your music, which is no more than the wind in the reeds, against mine, which is the music of the spheres?" There was a great gathering to weigh the music mortal against the music immortal, and Midas was one of the judges. The people came from near and far, as for a religious feast-day, and all the nymphs and fauns flocked from the woods to champion their god and make the occasion memorable.

AS Pan played on his magic pipes all nature seemed to respond. The trees swayed, the leaves quivered and shone with an unaccustomed light as if a spirit had awakened in them and they were living beings. The lilies and other flowers of field and wood raised their heads, nodding in rhythm. The flocks and herds were silent and still, as in a trance, listening with lifted heads. The birds ceased their own piping and, motionless on the bough, listened to the god's piping which transcended their own.

Never had the nymphs and fauns danced so joyously, with such intoxicating abandon, as they did now to Pan's wood-notes wild, and never had he played so enchantingly to snare mortals' senses and put a spell on all sentient things. How beautiful seemed the earth and its living creatures, what passionate desires stirred in the heart and blood as the piping skirled to a frenzy, then became beguiling and died on a last triumphant note!

Pan was well pleased with his performance. It had captivated all around him, and the nymphs and fauns, drunk with the music, sinking from exhaustion, were like creatures possessed.

THEN Apollo in his robes of royal purple, with a laurel wreath crowning his radiant golden head, touched his lyre; and a heavenly peace, an unearthly serenity, flowed out from the strings, filling the souls of his listeners with wonder and awe. They were inspired, exalted, transported in spirit to the very summit of Olympus where they walked with gods and felt as gods, shedding their mortal trappings. Apollo's music lifted them out of themselves, they were enthralled; and when at last the strings were stilled and he cried: "Ye who listen, who now is the victor?" the very heavens seemed to chant, "Apollo! Apollo!"

BUT Midas would not be gainsaid; the music he loved was of the earth, not of heaven. "Pan's," he said, "is sweeter, finer, truer. I, King Midas, award him the victor's crown!"

Gazing at him with a lofty scorn, Apollo cried: "It is the ears of an ass that have heard my music, so henceforth shall Midas have asses' ears!"

Nervously Midas felt his ears, and they were pointed like an ass's. In a panic he fled back to court with Pan's mocking laughter ringing in them, and tried to hide the monstrosities under a Phrygian cap he had specially made for him; but a barber who trimmed his hair discovered the secret and, troubled that he could not disclose it to his fellows, went to a quiet place, dug a hole, whispered into it: "King Midas has asses' ears," and filled it up again. On the spot a reed grew and whispered in the breeze for all to hear: "King Midas has asses' ears!"

From Arcadia Pan-worship spread to other parts of Greece, and to Athens after the battle of Marathon, when he was said to have confronted the courier Pheidippides and pledged aid if the Athenians would worship him. A grotto under the Acropolis was dedicated to him and an annual festival with torch race held; he also had a shrine near the Ilissus, with a fire always burning on the altar.

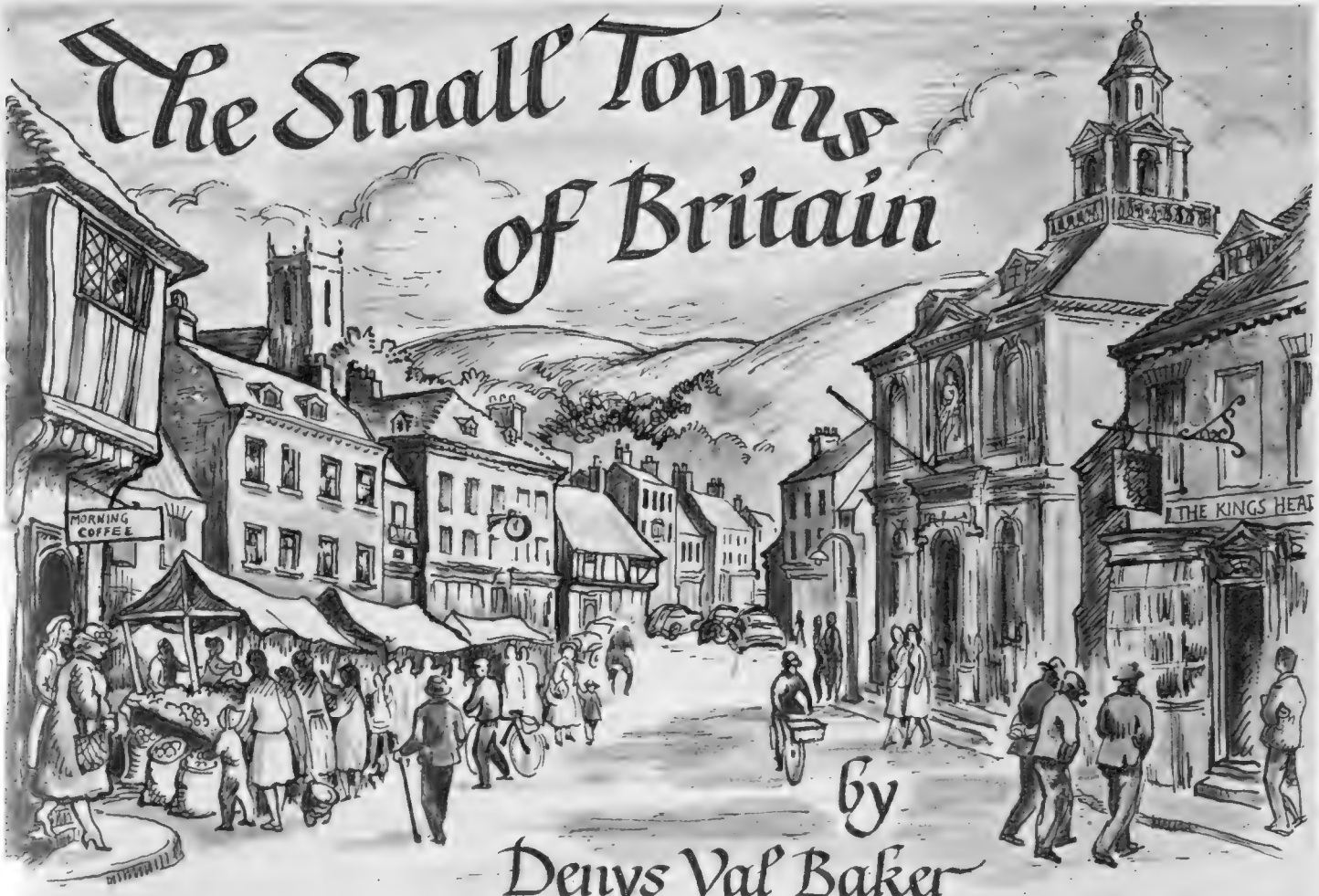
WITH the coming of Christianity his goat's feet and horns became associated with Satan. There is a story that, on the day Christ died and darkness shadowed the earth, Thamus, an Egyptian pilot sailing his ship in the Ionian Sea, heard a voice saying: "Go, proclaim everywhere that the great god Pan is dead!" When he reached Palodes, sad of heart for the joy that had ebbed from the world, he shouted out these words, and from all the hills around came a wail of mourning and lamentation as the devotees of the god cried: "Pan is dead, Pan is dead!"

Is he dead, the great god Pan of that myth of long ago? Something of him still haunts the woods and sylvan places—and the moonlit trysts of man and maid, wherever they meet to whisper and love. Something of his music is in oboe, flute and clarinet . . . in the shepherd's piping of the Prelude to Act III of *Tristan and Isolde* and Debussy's sensuous *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune*. . . . We acknowledge him whenever we say we are in a *pan*ic.

END

SOME of him still haunts the woods and sylvan places

The Small Towns of Britain



by Denys Val Baker

IN these days of centralisation, of striving always to be " bigger and better," my affection grows towards that traditional British institution, the small town. Alas, its smaller cousin, the village, appears near to destruction as a social unit : witness the new education plans for abolishing hundreds of village schools, the trend towards amalgamation of country church parishes, and so on. The village, once the backbone of English life, is not what it was—indeed, it is fast disintegrating before our eyes.

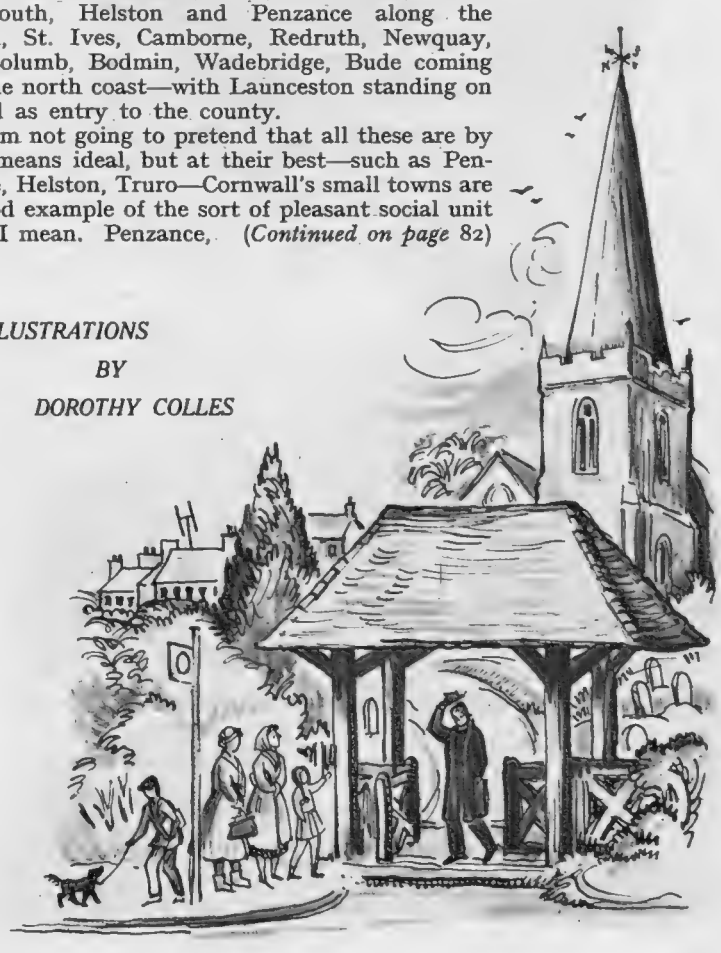
But the small town is a tougher problem. The small town is rather like its shape—compact, sturdy and healthy (or, as our planners might say, functional). Most small towns have served for centuries as hubs to a circle of surrounding villages. This has been a healthy structure, and if the villages are now losing their own character and strength this does not mean that the towns will suffer. Ironically enough, the village's loss is the small town's gain, for the future pattern shows an obvious trend towards small towns taking over most functions of the villages.

So I feel we may look forward to a prosperous future for our small towns. This is good news. It has always seemed to me that in a small town we get the best of both worlds. On the one hand we have all the delights of familiarity and companionability, a true locally-centred life, without the over-intimate closeness of village life. On the other hand, most small towns are large enough to provide a semblance of " big city " life, without the ultimate horror of the city itself, with everything overdone on a mass scale, to the obliteration of the individual.

OF course, not everyone might agree with me in my definition of a small town (not least some of the towns' officials !). I happen to live in a county, Cornwall, whose social and economic life has grown up around a series of small towns. Cornwall's " big city " is Plymouth, in Devon—and Devonians are welcome to it as far as I am concerned. In Cornwall we have a gentle ring of small towns : Liskeard, Looe, St. Austell, Truro, Falmouth, Helston and Penzance along the south, St. Ives, Camborne, Redruth, Newquay, St. Columb, Bodmin, Wadebridge, Bude coming up the north coast—with Launceston standing on guard as entry to the county.

I am not going to pretend that all these are by any means ideal, but at their best—such as Penzance, Helston, Truro—Cornwall's small towns are a good example of the sort of pleasant social unit that I mean. Penzance, (*Continued on page* 82)

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOROTHY COLLES



A favourable exchange rate in Austria enhances the attractions of scenic splendour. A valley in the Tyrol.

Esch-sur-Sure is characteristic of the picturesque villages in the Ardennes.

HOLIDAY ON THE CHEAP

BY ELIZABETH NICHOLAS.

A GRAPH based on the various allowances of foreign currency which have been vouchsafed us since the war would appear much like the temperature chart of a patient suffering from a severe fever. It would swing between £100 and nothing, with periodic pauses at £25, £35, £50 and £75; apart, however, from the gloomy period in the winter of 1947-48, when we were allowed no foreign currency, we have never been so low as the present £25 since travel abroad first became possible after the war.

Reactions of the travelling public and travel agencies alike to the cut were equally unstable. At first gloom abounded; foreign travel will be virtually impossible this year was the cry. A week or two later, and the notion got around that £25 was heaps of money; nothing, in fact, was altered by the cut.

Well, both views seem to me to be equally unfounded. It is nonsense to say that some sort of holiday abroad cannot be achieved on £25, and it is equally nonsense to assert that this is a princely sum and that we can all behave in exactly the same way as we did when we could take £100 with us—if we had it.

THE possibilities can, I think, be divided into three groups.

First, the experienced traveller: not even he can have the sort of holiday he likes if his taste inclines to gay and carefree extravagance in famous resorts—in places like Cannes, or Stresa, or Santa Margherita or Lugano or San Sebastien. Twenty-five pounds simply will not run to that. If, on the contrary, he is the sort of person who returns each year to a little pub in the Dordogne, or Majorca, or in the Tuscan Hills or a valley of the Engadine, he should manage very well. (*Continued on page* 80)

Left centre: Vienden, on the northern border of the Grand Duchy and Germany, Below: View over the Spanish city of Granada, with the Alhambra and the snow-capped Sierra Nevada.

BY JOHN DAVIES

Stormy Passage

Some blinding force compelled her to make the last fatal trip in "Windsong."

MORRIS, drunk and talking of murder, wasn't pleasant to watch or listen to.

The little white ketch *Windsong* was lying in the harbour at Nice. There were four of us aboard her that evening—three men and one woman. The men were Morris, Dubois and myself. The woman was Ann.

Windsong belonged to Ann, but was under charter to Morris. She was crewing for him. Dubois and I were visitors aboard. Dubois, ostensibly a hotelier, was Morris' contact ashore, though I didn't know that at the time. As for me, I was simply a vagrant yachtsman. I had dropped over from my own boat for a drink, at Ann's invitation.

In time the conversation had more or less inevitably got round to Nice's latest sensation, which was a particularly unsavoury murder that had been committed in a suite of one of the plushiest hotels of the place. And Morris had gone on—with, I realise now, a little subtle prompting from Ann—to air a theory of his own upon the gentle art of homicide.

Morris' own idea was that the way to get away with it was to make the thing look accidental.

"Easier said than done, though, eh?" said Dubois. He was a fat, cold little frog of a man.

Morris was sitting hunched up over the narrow cabin table. He was a man of about forty-five; big, rather flabby, but handsome in a swarthy, flashy sort of way.

"It depends," he said. His voice was thick and over-deliberate. His eyes were half-veiled by their puffy lids. "If the—shall we say—interested parties happen to be clerks or grocers, I grant you it may take a bit of fixing. But, for the sake of argument, let's make it easier. Suppose they were mountaineers? A rope can so easily break——"

"Or suppose they were yachtsmen?" Ann put in quietly.

IT was a dramatic moment that followed. Morris sat very still for a second or two. Then he looked across at Ann.

"Quite," he said.

Their eyes met. There was hatred and murder in his, and cool contempt in hers.

It was only a moment. Morris turned to me.

"Peter—please don't." She was pleading. "Please don't alter your plans."

It came surging wildly alongside, and with a shouted word of thanks and farewell, someone clambered aboard *Kestrel* . . .

" You 're the sailing authority, Hamilton," he said. " What do you think ? Would it be difficult to dispose of an embarrassment one dark night somewhere on passage from here to there ? " He was in easy possession of himself again, but I think he realised he 'd betrayed himself, and couldn't very well let the subject drop abruptly.

" I don't know," I said shortly. I had been pretty shaken by what I 'd seen, or had imagined I 'd seen. I got up to go, hoping against hope that Ann would come ashore with me.

" Are you off ? " Ann asked.

" Yes," I said. " I 'd better be getting along."

" I 'll come with you. I 'd like a stroll."

I think Morris would have stopped her if he could. And certainly a whisper of warning had sounded in his partially-fuddled brain, for he turned to Dubois and said :

" Only a theory, of course. I shouldn't care to be mug enough to try it."

ANN left the cabin while he was speaking. I said good-night—I couldn't wish the blighter *bon voyage*—and followed her. *Windsong* was lying alongside, and getting ashore was merely a matter of stepping off the boat on to the quay.

We strolled along beside the harbour. The night was hot and sultry. I was very worried about Ann.

We didn't talk much, and we 'd been silent for some time when she suddenly said :

" Peter, let 's have some coffee."

We were just passing a little place. We sat down at one of the outside tables, and as soon as I 'd given our order I said :

" Ann—do you have to go on working for that creature ? "

She said, quite calmly : " Just one more trip."

That was a surprise to me. I had not known her association with Morris was coming to an end. And I ought to have been relieved. But somehow I wasn't. It made no difference to the fact that in some obscure way I was terribly afraid for her.

Of course, I was in love with her then. But I didn't know it. I 'd met her for the first time less than a week previously, and hadn't yet worked out just what had hit me.

I WAS on my way out to Australia, singlehanded, in my cutter *Kestrel*. I was going through the Med., and, being in no hurry at all, had decided to have a look at the Riviera coast. And as it happened I 'd let myself in for a rather closer look than I 'd intended. There 'd been a big blow—it *can* blow, even in the Med., even in summer—and *Kestrel* had suffered a certain amount of damage. It was nothing very serious, but all the same it needed attending to, and rather than put about (*Continued on page* 78)

(Opposite.) I saw in her face a composure, a serenity that certainly hadn't been there the previous evening.

←(*Left*) colour melting into rhythmic perfection of motion composes a scene reminiscent of a Watteau painting. A scene from the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet performance of "The God's Go A'Begging"

(*Right*) Violetta Elvin and Alexis Rassine in *The Sleeping Beauty*

Ballet for Enjoyment

By JOHN HALL

Dancer and Choreographer

ONE of the most famous writers on ballet in England convinced himself, as long ago as 1936, that. . . . "No form of theatrical art is more difficult to understand than ballet . . ." and, so far as I can tell from his general approach to present-day dancing, he has not altered his opinion. It is unfortunate that the convictions of a critic, no matter how well-intentioned he may be, can so easily become articles of faith to his trusting readers. How many people, I wonder, are finding it difficult to understand ballet because they have been told that it is difficult to understand? How many others deny themselves a second visit to the ballet because their damnable know-all friends overwhelm them with remarks like, "Margot's *fouettés* . . ." Moira's *gargouillade* . . ." or André's divine *élévation* in his "*entrechat cinq de volée en diagonale*"?

But apart from these thousands of people who are unable to accept the beauty of ballet without imagining that it is necessary to understand it, how many others who crave relaxation from the complications of present-day life —fed up with rationing, queueing, income tax and the cost of living—simply don't give a second thought to this Third Programme form of entertainment? "What fools," they may say (and rightly too), "What fools are we that we should spend our time and money on something which is difficult to understand?"

It depends, of course, what is meant by "understand."

The writer was quite correct in his statement, but he forgot to qualify it immediately. No form of theatrical art *is* more difficult to understand than ballet—when one is a dancer or a critic !

BUT ballet is first and foremost a form of entertainment and from an audience point of view, its only difficulty should be in how to afford and obtain seats for as many visits as possible.

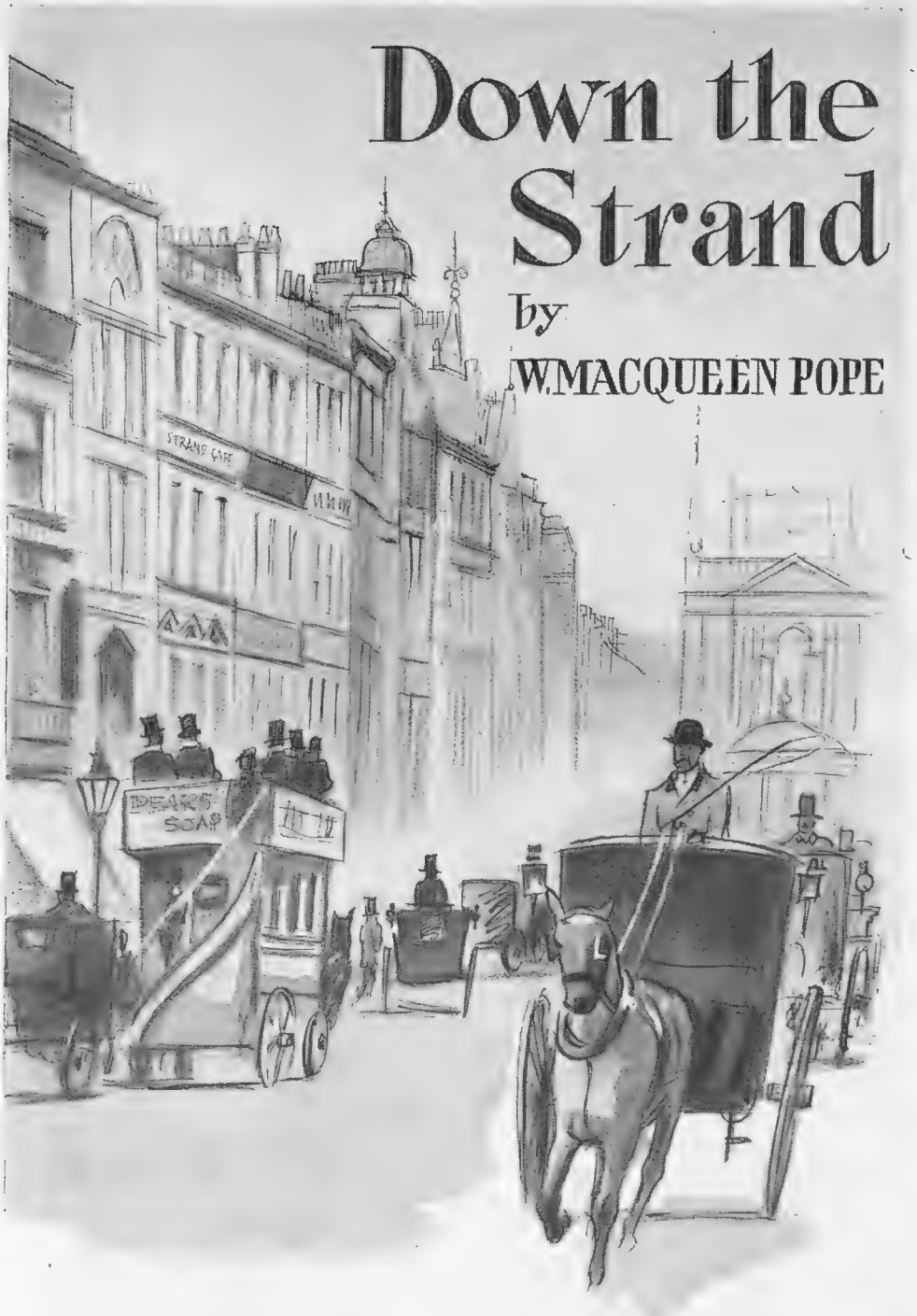
The pen, it is said, is mightier than the sword, but in the practice of ballet-criticism, it (*Continued on page 74*)

Moira Shearer as the Sleeping Beauty

Down the Strand

by

W. MACQUEEN POPE



FOR some unexplained reason, you always went Down the Strand—you never went up it, by any chance. You might go down it to have a banana—you might go down it to see a show—and you could at one time see many there—but whether you entered it from east or west (and it runs almost directly in that way) you always went Down the Strand.

In his third article on "Stage Door and Starshine" the author reminisces on those associated with the "Street of Theatres"

In the days of Yesterday, it was High Street, London. It had always been an important thoroughfare. In the dimness of history it was a track-way from the lake dwellers of what is now London to the islanders of what is now Westminster. Memories of Rome still linger in the Roman Bath. When London grew outside its walls, it was a street of nobles and princes, of great palaces inhabited by the great. And when Commerce took charge, it housed newspapers, journals and above all, playhouses.

For it was the Street of Theatres—long before Shaftesbury Avenue usurped that title—and not only the Strand but all round it was Greasepaint Land. A portion of it for years was known as the Actor's Mile. That is where they walked up and down. Actors cannot endure to be out of sight of theatres, whether they are working or not. Not only was this impossible in the Strand, but therein, and in the streets and alleys adjacent, were the offices of the theatrical agents, who had crossed the Thames via Waterloo Bridge from their older venue in York Road and Waterloo Road. So that was where the actors went in search of work. The pubs and taverns were full of them, all proclaiming their prowess and how they had been a riot at Batley on their last tour—and just off the Strand too was the far-famed Bodega, where the unlucky Thespians, so long as they had the price of a "bitter," could lunch freely from a gigantic and very excellent cheese.

Hetty King

The Strand is steeped in theatre lore. Let it pass in review. No need to mention the Gaiety, although this trip will go down the Strand from that, the eastern, end. There were once two theatres before that place was reached, the Globe and the Opéra Comique, so near the Strand as to make no difference—but they are ghosts and must so remain.

But still, only a few steps are required to bring one to the Lyceum. True, the entrance is in Wellington Street, but the original door was in the Strand, when that place first opened up. It had a chequered career. It housed all sorts of shows, including public dances and routs before it became the Royal English Opera House—which, of course, spelt failure—and eventually the Lyceum, to reach its zenith under Irving, to decline and never reach such heights again. But one thing happened there—the first Exhibition of British Art, which gave rise to the Royal Academy. Now it is not a theatre but a dance hall—the wheel has gone full circle. So it comes about that the first theatre one reaches to-day, in the Strand proper, is the Vaudeville.

BUILT in 1870 for three actors, H. J. Montague, David James and James Thorne, the Vaudeville housed many successes, the greatest being *Our Boys*, although Henry Irving had made a success there previously, in 1870, as Digby Grant in *The Two Roses*. It has always been a successful theatre although of

Ellaline Terriss

course some of its times were not so good as others. That wonderful actress Winifred Emery made many early successes there, notably in *Clarissa*, and in the same cast was a young actor named Cyril Maude. They were to marry and make theatre history at the Haymarket.

Those wonderful men of the theatre, the Gattis, took over the Vaudeville in 1892. It had already been enlarged and its cramped frontage extended, but the Gattis brought it further fame. It still remains in the hands of that family—it has had only two lessees ever since it was built—a record for any existing theatre. But perhaps the brightest and most sparkling time of the Vaudeville were those days in the early 1900s—when the days and nights were as golden as the sovereigns—and when two clever young people were its leading players and motive spirits, Seymour Hicks, the versatile and volatile, and darling Ellaline Terriss, everybody's sweetheart and his beloved wife.

Both of them had the Strand in their blood. Both had played at the Gaiety—and to them the Strand had brought tragedy as well as joy—as will appear later. But here they were, two of the most popular people in the theatre and playing in the very centre of Theatre Street. They had charge of the theatre, with the great Charles Frohman as their chief. And they proceeded to almost monopolize the Strand and its neighbourhood for eight wonderful years.

Hicks was the moving spirit of the Vaudeville and there he showed that wonderful flair for public taste and his judgment of values which made him so remarkable. He had learnt about musical comedy from George Edwardes, under whom he had served at the Gaiety. Hicks never needed a second lesson. He knew it first time round. He determined to make the little Vaudeville a rival to the great Gaiety, to make it a jewel to sparkle in the twinkling light of the Strand. And he succeeded. He played himself and his wife in with a lovely version of *Alice in Wonderland*. In that character, so beloved by all, Ellaline Terriss, everybody's sweetheart anyway, was just perfection.

Here was Alice right out of the Tenniel illustrations. Here were all the magic characters come to life but retaining their magic. One has seen many "Alices" since, and good ones—notably Roma Beaumont—but nothing will ever efface that vision that was Ellaline Terriss. Old-timers think and dream of it yet. The Vaudeville was packed—the grown-ups could not wait to take the children, and the children had to hope for the best. That ageless story entranced all ages. And Hicks was as perfect as the Mad Hatter, as was his wife as Alice. From that time on, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Hicks were very much at home at the Vaudeville. That was at Christmas time in 1900, when the Boer War was still dragging on. But there could be no gloom at the Vaudeville.

THEY followed this up with a nice little comedy called *Sweet and Twenty*, and then Hicks, just to show them, unloosed his idea of Scrooge in a version of *A Christmas Carol*. This was a revelation to the public. Here was the gay, sprightly young leading man showing them a masterpiece of grim, calculated character acting. If Ellaline Terriss had stepped from the pages of Lewis Carroll, so did Seymour Hicks, as

(*Continued on page* 84)

Seymour Hicks

Phyllis Dare

Zena Dare

Camille Clifford

Gladys Cooper

William Terriss

The Gibson Girl

Vesta Tilley

The seemingly careless profusion of blooms in the picture above by the French artist Jean Baptiste Monnoyer, contrasts with the exquisite formality of the study below by the seventeenth-century Dutch master, Jan van Thielen

Centuries Of Flowers

By Charles Clare

FLOWER pictures are widely popular to-day because they possess all the charm and colour that anyone could demand of a picture which is to adorn the rooms of a home. It was these self-same qualities of colour and beauty which created the original Dutch flower pieces over 300 years ago.

They are so familiar to-day that it is difficult to realize that there have not always been flower paintings. In fact, it was not until the seventeenth century that flowers in Europe came into their own. Flower pictures, like landscapes, were one of the last branches of painting to become established as a recognized art form.

This was not because either painters or patrons were insensible to the charm of flowers, but because a love of Nature played a small part in European art. In medieval times, the contemplation of God, and during the Renaissance, the idealized human figure as representing the highest form of creation, relegated flowers to quite a humble position as mere decoration to more exalted themes.

The picture above on the left is by Rachel Ruysch, the most amazing personality among the early Dutch flower painters, who painted to support and dower her large family of daughters. Right of it is another study by van Thielen. Below, a more elaborate composition of the nineteenth century by Francis Xavier Petter. Van Thielen pictures by courtesy of the Slatter Gallery, others by Bernard Galleries

This, of course, did not apply to Far Eastern painters. To the Chinese artist, Nature in all her aspects represented his loftiest ideals and only after profound meditation and contemplation would he attempt to paint even a single bloom. Every line he put down held a beauty of its own, and for many people to-day, Chinese flower paintings outrival all others.

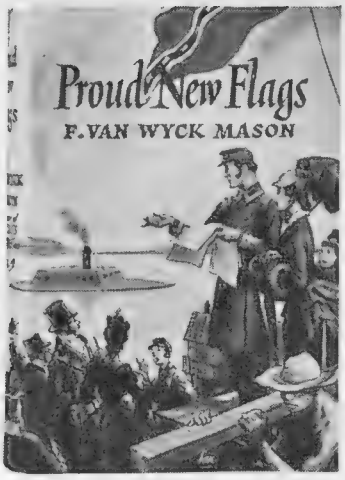
Among European painters, it is fascinating to watch how, from earliest times, flowers creep into their work almost unbidden. Away back before the Norman Conquest, flowers and tendrils decorate the borders and capital letters of illuminated manuscripts in Britain. The same thing happens in stone carving.

In the fifteenth century, Flemish painters loved to enrich their charming landscape backgrounds with flowers, and they soon began to introduce them as discreet decoration of the rooms they painted. In that wonderful vision of heaven, "The Adoration of the Lamb," painted about 1426, Hubert van Eyck scatters the Garden of Paradise with flowers which glow like jewels.

In Italy at the same time, flowers appear in the frames and foregrounds of pictures and young people have their portraits painted holding in their hand a single bloom. Later, Titian painted some lovely flowers in his "Bacchus and Ariadne."

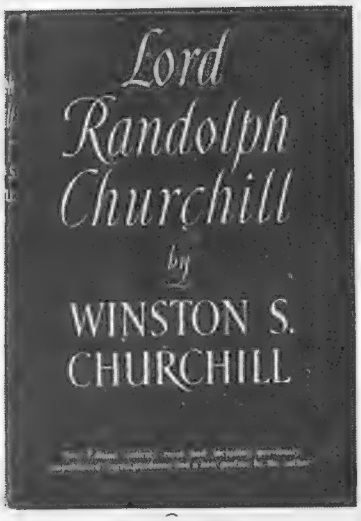
BUT in none of these pictures do the flowers play more than a subsidiary part. They are certainly increasing in importance, but they have not as yet arrived as a subject in their own right. It was left to the wealthy Dutch merchants of the seventeenth century to demand the flowerpiece as we know it to-day.

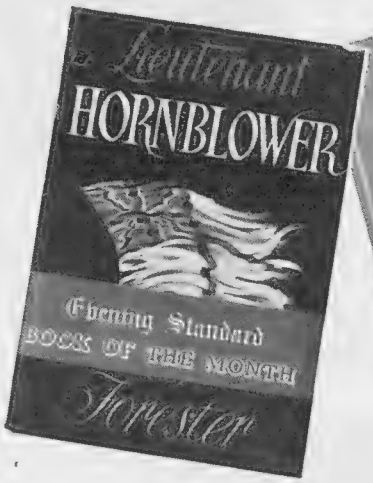
The Dutch merchants were practical men, who had grown rich in the new trading kingdom of Holland. They wanted (*Continued on page* 66)

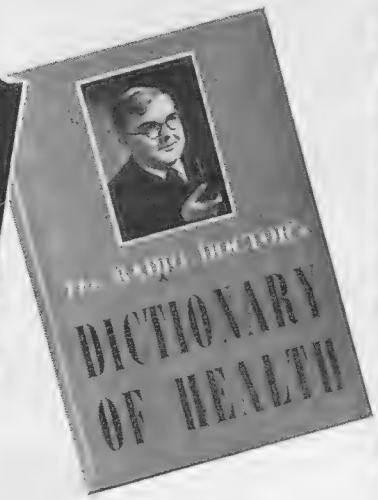


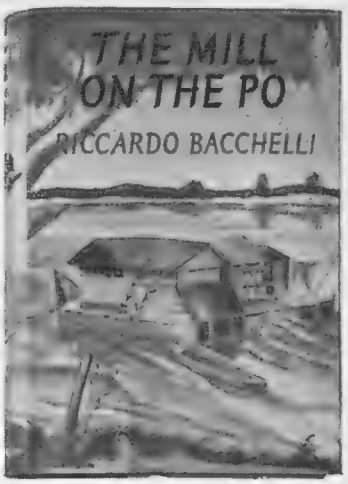
FOCUS ON A FAMILY

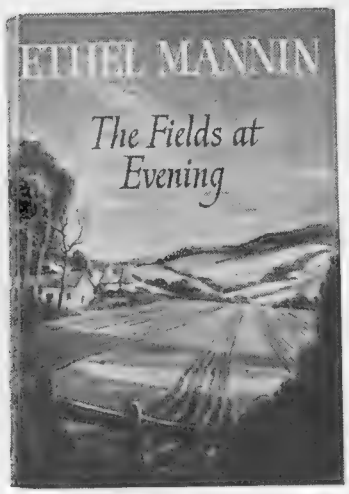
LORD GEDDES, blind for many years, has turned his thoughts inward on his Scots family and dictated an impressive record of origins, tendencies, achievements which might be called a scientific anatomy of several generations of it, with emphasis on his own and his personal experiences as doctor, medical teacher, administrator, ambassador, Cabinet Minister. Inspired by the old belief that a "man and his descendants are not only physically related but also constitute a spiritual and a cultural unity," he found he had to go back over childhood's years to see "why we acted and reacted as we did," and the material gradually shaped into three case-books, each seeking to answer a question: Who were we? How were we trained? What did we do? Implicit in his conclusions is a vigorous repudiation of current materialism. Problems of family development and heredity interest us all, and his focus on them in **"The Forging of a Family"** (Faber, 25s.) is deeply absorbing, once one has delved through the tangled, somewhat confusing roots of the family tree.











Books

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

FEW opera stars can say: "I began my career at the top, I stayed at the top, and I left at the top." Scots-born Mary Garden was a hard-up student in Paris when U.S. singer Sybil Sanderson befriended her and introduced her to M. Carré, director of the Opéra Comique, who was then producing Charpentier's *Louise*. She watched rehearsals, steeped herself in the score for the sheer love of it, and one night when Mlle Rioton, playing the part with no understudy, ran from the theatre, ill, after the second act, Mary Garden was called from the stalls to take over and rocketed straight into fame. Dramatic? But so, too, were her experiences with men who fell in love with her. One, a young doctor, wanted to shoot her; none could she really love in return, for she was wedded to her art. **"Mary Garden's Story"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) by her and Louis Biancolli, has a frank, straight-from-life appeal, especially for women, and good stories of fellow-celebrities.

MARY GARDEN'S world was America and Europe; Dorothy McCall's a Georgian house at Blackheath, with holidays at Broadstairs, occasionally abroad. One of seven children of a Limerick-born doctor, she evokes her late-Victorian girlhood with nostalgic charm in **"When That I Was"** (Faber, 18s.), describing the social manners of an age that now seems almost prehistoric yet was only the day before yesterday. Staid Blackheath, which lives in her memories, is getting a Press; it is also the background of Henry Williamson's *The Dark Lantern*.

IT might be said that nothing palls like old politics, except to politicians; but Winston S. Churchill's political biography of his father—**"Lord Randolph Churchill"** (Odhams, 21s.)—has the revivifying touch of the born writer. In this revised edition with hitherto unpublished letters Mr. Churchill says: "Many of his impulses and reactions would find a natural place in our modern life . . . I believe he could take his place in the House of Commons to-day with less sense of disharmony than any of his contemporaries." One would have liked more of Lady Randolph, who is but a flitting shadow. Once when Lord Randolph had quoted the flowery Disraeli as saying after dinner, "My dear Randolph, I have sipped your excellent champagne; I have drunk your good claret; I have tasted your delicious port—I will have no more," she said, laughing: "Well, he sat next to me, and I particularly remarked that he drank nothing but a little weak brandy-and-water."

ANOTHER reprint, the first in an elegant uniform edition, is Maurice Collis's **"Siamese White"** (Faber, 15s.), the richly tapestried story of filibuster Samuel White, appointed mandarin by the King of Siam, who used his power to amass wealth.

LEONARD CROCOMBE went east, but not to filibuster, only to put his retirement to pleasurable use after twenty-seven years' editing. He sailed in a cargo ship by way of Genoa, Suez, Colombo, Penang, Singapore. **"Slow Ship to Hong Kong"** (Stanford, 15s.) is a well-written account of the voyage, packed with stories of life aboard, human contacts ashore, the beauty, romance and fun of tramp seafaring. His trained eye missed nothing; he was interested in *people*.

(*Continued on page* 68)

COULD WE EMPLOY A DECORATOR?

MANY people who are confronted with a fairly large expenditure on redecorating, but with little expert knowledge of how to choose schemes and to spend money to the best advantage, would welcome the advice and assistance of an expert, but hesitate to employ the professional decorator because they lack the knowledge of how such people work; what they cost and how, in fact, they tick.

There are many advantages, in certain circumstances, of using the professional as an alternative to the builder who may be adequate so far as paper and painting are concerned but not very resourceful when it comes to the more aesthetic problems.

The question uppermost for most of us is "how much more, relatively, will it cost to use the decorator?"

The answer to this depends on the extent of the work undertaken and whether one is situated in London, the country or a provincial town.

If one intends merely to do over the drawing-room and the nearest professional decorator is not easily accessible, it might prove uneconomic—though certainly successful in other respects—to bring in the man who can provide ideas and advice about colours and fabrics. On the other hand, if one is undertaking a full-scale improvement which includes a number of rooms and, perhaps, some reconstruction, it is possible that the decorator will save money on the job, even taking into consideration his own professional fees.

THE choice of who to use as a decorator presents alternatives. For the Londoner, it is simply a question of choosing one of many firms, either an independent small business or the representative of a big furnishing house. The small decorating firm will probably sub-contract to several other specialist firms for painting, upholstery and electrical work while the larger business will use its own staff. There will be little to choose between the standards of work. The decorator will probably give some greater individuality of taste, while the furnishing contractor will have some advantage to offer with a large choice of goods displayed for inspection under one roof.

From the financial angle the decorator will be very little, if any, more costly on a full-scale scheme of decorating than if several firms (painters, upholsterers, electricians, etc.), are employed, because the small firms to whom the decorator subcontracts allow him a trade discount and quote considerably less to him than they might do to a private customer.

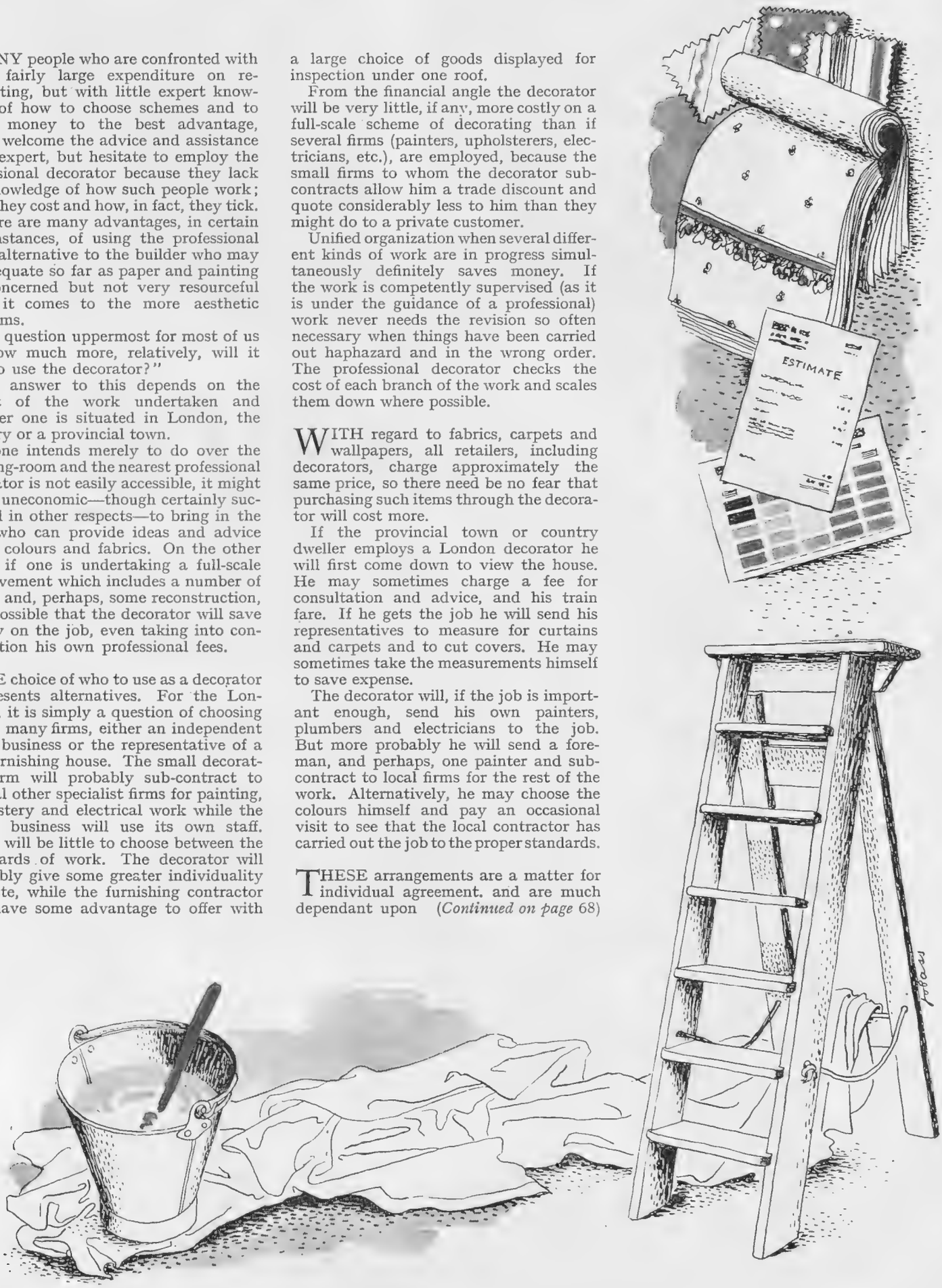
Unified organization when several different kinds of work are in progress simultaneously definitely saves money. If the work is competently supervised (as it is under the guidance of a professional) work never needs the revision so often necessary when things have been carried out haphazard and in the wrong order. The professional decorator checks the cost of each branch of the work and scales them down where possible.

WITH regard to fabrics, carpets and wallpapers, all retailers, including decorators, charge approximately the same price, so there need be no fear that purchasing such items through the decorator will cost more.

If the provincial town or country dweller employs a London decorator he will first come down to view the house. He may sometimes charge a fee for consultation and advice, and his train fare. If he gets the job he will send his representatives to measure for curtains and carpets and to cut covers. He may sometimes take the measurements himself to save expense.

The decorator will, if the job is important enough, send his own painters, plumbers and electricians to the job. But more probably he will send a foreman, and perhaps, one painter and subcontract to local firms for the rest of the work. Alternatively, he may choose the colours himself and pay an occasional visit to see that the local contractor has carried out the job to the proper standards.

THESE arrangements are a matter for individual agreement. and are much dependant upon (*Continued on page* 68)



Jacques Fath

Madeleine de Roche

Christian Dior

Paris, 1952

The news from the Paris shows is that there is very little to disturb the current trend of fashion, but plenty to make this summer's clothes attractive

"INDECISIVE" is the term which best sums up the Paris collections this spring. Little radical change has emerged and we can plan summer wardrobes without concern that last summer's clothes will be out of fashion in this one.

Waistlines hover at different levels with each house establishing its own rules. Dior drops his waists, raises them and leaves some as before, though withal a little less confined, as if to say "there are no rules."

Pleating is an outstanding feature of all the shows, but sunray pleating for daytime wear has given precedence to knife pleating on the straight of the material.

Hemlines are a fraction lower but not enough to start a controversy. Shoulders are softly rounded. Jean Baille's soft, full-skirted print on the left typifies the gilet neckline and the swathed folds above the waistline which give to many models a cummerbund effect.

Boleros are much featured, particularly by Fath and Dior. The wool dress photographed on the left typifies Dior's use of the short hug-me-tight. Swallow-tail coats, two-third's length, with a low martingale belt are very prominent but only the tall Englishwoman is likely to favour them.

Dresses and coats of matching silk print or print dresses with contrasting silk coats lined to match the dress are charming and practical. Madeleine de Roche's crisp silk tailored suit and loose coat at the top of the page is typical of the three-piece silk ensemble that will be much reproduced this summer. This, in fact, promises to be a silk coat summer. Fath uses grey and white stripes diagonally for his loose summer coat (*left above*) with a collarless neckline and a long-ended bow.

Jean Baille

→

Fath's evening gown unites a black lace heavy bodice with an enormous red slipper satin skirt which harks back to the bell line of last season

PARIS, 1952

Jacques Fath

Jacques Fath

Christian Dior

Jacques Fath

A classically simple green silk jersey with a normal waistline and one shoulder strap

←

Contrasting linings were much featured in the collections. Gevinchy uses a bright blue to line a bright navy coat with push-up sleeves disclosing the lining at the wrist

The flat-brimmed spreading straw worn with a veil is the hat of the moment in Paris, though in general any hat is the right hat this summer. Evening gowns have spreading skirts and narrow ones and roses are a recurrent theme. Jacques Fath tucks yellow, black or pink roses into day and evening necklines. Dior sustains the rose theme throughout his collection and his lovely rose scattered evening dress with its prodigious draped skirt (*above*), was one of the successes of his show

The Canon's Daughters

THUS Henrietta, after a quick but efficient examination of my injured ankle, pronounced there was nothing to fuss about

THEY might have stepped out of the pages of *Cranford*—Miss Elizabeth and Miss Henrietta Ducombes—the Canon's daughters. Since I had known them from childhood they had never seemed young to me nor, with the passing years, did they appear to alter much. Miss Elizabeth's pink and white and golden fluffy prettiness gradually fading and Miss Henrietta with her erect carriage, fine-drawn features and austere expression becoming harsher of outline.

Of the Canon my memories are of the vaguest, not surprising seeing he was rarely visible outside his study where, so I understood, he was engaged on a monumental work on the Minor Prophets. Possibly if he had been less engrossed in their gloomy prognostications, he might have found more time to devote to such mundane matters as a dwindling income and providing for two husbandless daughters. Miss Elizabeth and Miss Henrietta, however, came of a generation which had been brought up to honour and obey their parents and I never heard a word of criticism pass their lips in regard to "dear papa." Only years later did I learn that I had represented a source of

Miss Elizabeth was gentle, helpless, coy and pretty—Miss Henrietta, proud, and efficient—so different were these two sisters, yet destiny led them along the same path . . .

income from spending my summer holidays with the Misses Ducombes during my parents frequent absences abroad.

In the beginning I was a great deal fonder of Miss Elizabeth with her gentle, cooing manner, pretty, helpless gestures and pot-pourri charm, quite apart from the fact that she spoilt me outrageously. For a considerable time I was rather in awe of Miss Henrietta who, though kindness itself to a lonely child, possessed very definite notions as to discipline. Perhaps at this early stage Miss Elizabeth held a fascination for me because of her aura of romance. I was never tired of listening to her reminiscences of how in her girlhood, if not actually engaged (betrothed was the word she used), to a dashing ensign in the 31st Foot, an understanding had existed between them until absence on military service combined with the machinations of his colonel's daughter that had subsequently ended in matrimony, had—as she expressed it—"blighted my life." I gathered that her delicacy dated from her abortive romance; a lady-like form of decline that necessitated preserving her strength whilst the difficult business of coping with a dwindling income and nursing an invalid father devolved on the capable shoulders of her younger sister.

WHEN during the following years I became more discriminate, I summed up Miss Elizabeth as sweet, foolish and bone lazy. Nor was I any longer surprised that the dashing ensign had transferred his volatile affections to his colonel's daughter. Pretty as Miss Elizabeth must have undoubtedly been in her youth, she must have also been a crushing bore. I began, too, to visualize Miss Henrietta other than as a disciplinarian. I saw her for what she was, a gallant creature, who had given the best years of her life to shouldering the dual responsibility of a self-centred father and a spineless sister. From then onwards she held my unstinted loyalty and admiration. No eight-hour day for Miss Henrietta, she didn't waste a moment of her twelve working hours. I discovered, too, that she possessed a sense of humour, if slightly on the astringent side, which was definitely more entertaining than Miss Elizabeth's eternal vapourizings.

APART from childhood memories of the Misses Ducombes, the most dominant figure in the sleepy village life of Lower Saplings was George Wenbourne, who was reputed to be a good judge of women and cattle and a warm man in both senses of the word. Since he possessed virile good looks as well as the most prosperous farm in the neighbourhood, he represented the answer to a village maiden's prayer. Many were the conjectures as to why and wherefore he remained a bachelor. He was not only the unchallenged village autocrat, but "in with the gentry."

My acquaintance with Farmer Wenbourne dated from the occasion when he rescued me from the unwanted attentions of a young bull. Though the incident happened many years ago, I have never forgotten the nightmare chase across the field, the thud of nearing hooves and the blissful security of his strong arms when he carried me, more frightened than hurt, to the Misses Ducombes' cottage. Nor have I forgotten the rough kindliness of his voice and the merry twinkle in his very blue and alert eyes. In feature, carriage and build he resembled a toned-down edition of the generally accepted picture of John Bull.

Our unexpected arrival was greeted with much fluttering of the hands, futile suggestions and sub-conscious coyness from Miss Elizabeth, to be interrupted by the abrupt entry of Miss Henrietta who, after a quick but efficient examination of my injured ankle, pronounced there was nothing to make a fuss about. With this she helped me out of the room, saying curtly over her shoulder:

"Thank you, Farmer Wenbourne, for your services to our young guest."

I, too, glanced over my shoulder to see him standing there—a broad-shouldered, heavily jowled man with a jovial smile slightly tinged with irony. As our eyes met he gave me a prodigious wink.

So much for my childhood memories of Miss Elizabeth and Miss Henrietta. I may have depicted them too much as museum pieces, but for all that, they bore the indelible hallmark of gentlewomen.

* * *

About two years after my marriage to a naval lieutenant, I found myself once again in England and having a free afternoon decided to motor down to Lower Saplings and look up the Misses Ducombes. When I drew up at the cottage it was much as I remembered it—the same overhanging, creeper-wreathed thatched roof, meticulously neat garden, gay with country flowers; the same crazy pavement path leading to the pocket-handkerchief orchard, and beyond the wire-enclosed poultry run. Bending over the beehives, I caught sight of the tall, angular figure of Miss Henrietta as unchanged as her surroundings, and the conviction was borne in upon me that whatever interests and distractions life held for me, she came very high in my scale of loyalties. Her welcome surprised me for it touched on the demonstrative. Her hands on either of my shoulders, she looked deep into my eyes, saying gruffly:

"You look happy and happiness is what I have always wished for you."

Whilst strolling towards the cottage,

By Nora K. Strange

HOLDING her close, he gazed down into her eyes, saying with rough tenderness, "I had to step in just to look at you afore I started on the evenin' milkin', just to know you were here"

I asked: "And how's Miss Elizabeth?"

"She's no longer Miss Elizabeth."

"What do you mean?"

"She has gone."

"Gone—where?"

"She has married that man."

"What man?"

"Farmer Wenbourne."

"But how thrilling! Tell me more—everything!"

Whereupon Miss Henrietta told me "more—everything" in a voice charged with bitterness.

"I know that gentle birth without means counts for nothing these days, but however real our present poverty, we Ducombes can look back on generations—centuries of honourable men who have served their country without fear or favour, of equally honourable women who have, whatever the circumstances, preserved their innate dignity, with the lamentable exception of my sister, fortunately the last of her line. That Elizabeth should have demeaned herself as she has done is, in my opinion, not only degrading, but inexcusable."

"But how did it happen? How did they meet?"

"Without my knowledge that man made—er—overtures to which my foolish sister, I regret to say, responded. *I* was the last to hear of secret meetings, assignations and finally of a marriage ceremony at a registrar's office."

WHEN I had partially recovered from my surprise, I asked: "Do you see much—anything of them?"

"As little as possible. Elizabeth, as you will doubtless remember, was always weak, clinging and easily led. Of which qualities I am convinced that man with bucolic shrewdness took advantage. Since she is my own surviving near relative and living within a few miles of me, I have forced myself to accept—resign myself to the inevitable, and I visit her on stated occasion when I am assured of the absence of—that man." After a slight pause, she continued, her voice vibrating with scorn—"What to me is so nauseating—on the rare occasions when I have been compelled to see them together—is to witness her—Elizabeth—a well-bred, and I had hoped fastidious gentlewoman, literally fawning on that man. I not only take exception to his being of a humble station in life, but to his smug self-satisfaction and effrontery towards myself. He—a free-thinker, not even a chapel-goer compared with my father, the late canon, an eminent scholar. He—that man with his spurious popularity derived from being open-handed, a frequenter of public houses, a player of darts, with a past reputation for questionable horse-play with the village girls. The presumptuous yokel! Sometimes it is well nigh unbearable to contemplate what my delicately nurtured, fastidious Elizabeth must suffer at his hands. The man must have hypnotized her—sapped her will power in the first instance to have caused her to forget what she owed to herself, to me, to an honourable line of ancestors."

DURING this tirade Miss Henrietta not only became almost incoherent in her agitation, but perilously near losing the natural dignity with which I had always associated her. But however absurd, perhaps even ridiculous, her attitude might be, it bordered on tragedy. In her humiliation she had buried herself beneath the walls of Jericho, epitomizing family pride, that she had torn down with her own hands.

Before leaving I asked her if she would think me disloyal, I meant, of course, disloyal to her archaic standards, if I paid a visit to Miss Elizabeth now translated into Mrs. George Wenbourne.

(*Continued on page* 62)

Old Rose

By C. HENRY WARREN

Distils some fragrance from the past for all nature lovers and suggests planting plans for gardeners.

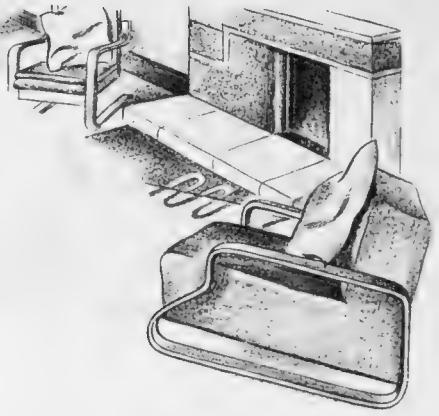
IT was the doctor's wife who first put us on the track of old-fashioned roses. At an exhibition in the village hall, where she contributed a stall entirely devoted to old flower books and flower prints, some of them quite rare, she had hit on the happy notion of placing a small bowlful or two of old-fashioned roses by the side of books opened at the appropriate illustration. I remember, for instance, a bunch of the *Rosa fœtida persiana*, its sulphur-yellow blooms nestling among the tiny leaves, placed beside one of Redouté's exquisitely-drawn plates from his famous early eighteenth-century *Les Roses*.

It soon became clear, in fact, that the doctor's wife was something of an authority on old roses, though she would be the last to admit such a claim, having, as she modestly said, found her own way to them by her delight in antiquarian flower books and pictures. Her enthusiasm had inspired her to get hold of the shrubs of some of the kinds she fancied most (itself no easy task in those days) until now she had a displayed rose garden wherein no modern roses at all were admitted. It was my introduction to this garden, one summer evening when the roses were at their best, that finally clinched my determination to go and do likewise; for I brought away with me a nosegay of twenty-four varieties which, for a long week, stood on my study table, discovering their inimitable fragrance, their subtle colour, their unspoiled shape; and after that there was no looking back.

Certain it is that, once you have discovered the joy of these old roses, the Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas of to-day seem something quite inferior: they simply are not in the same street—or should I say the same garden? It even becomes a matter for wonder that these modern travesties of the rose, fit only for a dandy's button-hole, should ever have taken precedence over the old kinds. And in so short a time, too. A little over a hundred years ago they did not exist; and now they have ousted the old-fashioned roses so completely that these are only to be found in the gardens of specialists and in cottage gardens. Even in cottage gardens they grow yearly less and less favoured, so pernicious is fashion and the appeal of the nurseryman's catalogue.

IN my own village, where thatch and half-timber abounds, there are still cottage gardens which glory in one or other of these old roses. In particular there are some fine specimens of Maiden's Blush (*R. alba*), as fragrant a rose as any. One bush grows, for instance, in front of the disused almshouses, where, no doubt, it was the delight of some old biddy who needed to go no farther than her open door on a summer's evening to smell and admire its profusion of creamy-pink flowers. Another grows in the garden of a lowly cottage whose occupier was astonished one day last year to find a stranger at his door who had seen his roses from a passing bus and had come to ask permission to enjoy them at closer quarters. But if Maiden's Blush is the variety that most persists to-day in this locality, other kinds persist in other localities, each parish boasting its favourite rose.

I suppose the reason lies in the good old country custom of cadging a slip of this and a sucker of that, so that, in time, individual villages earn quite a name, locally, for particular flowers, clove carnations here, Christmas roses there, and so on. Of course, the commonest old-fashioned rose of cottage gardens, all over the country, is the well-known Cabbage or Provence rose (*R. centifolia*), the rose of a hundred petals, whose pure pink blooms adorn the canvases of so many Old Masters and were specially grown for the manufacture of rose water. (*Contd. on page* 84)



EVERY INCH A LADY

By
Rona Randall

THERE was (some people claim) a lot to be learned from the Victorians. How to Pay a Social Call. How to Conduct One's Self in a Manner Befitting a Lady. The Elegant Art of Wielding the Fan. And, of course, the infallible, unfailing Guide to Etiquette.

I once beguiled a wet afternoon in a seaside hotel lounge reading a battered copy of *Chambers's Journal* of the 1800's, and was intrigued by an article devoted to the subject of how A Lady in Reduced Circumstances might earn her living without any loss of dignity. There were, apparently, various ways in which a female of gentle birth might hold up her head in such adversity.

She could, for instance, engage in the elegant occupation of Knick-Knack Dusting. In fact, it was becoming quite a common practice for Gentle Females to visit the homes of rich acquaintances for the purpose of dusting those precious ceramics and Victoriana which were "too valuable to entrust to the clumsy hands of the awkward housemaid."

This refined occupation the Gentle Female, herself accustomed to a graciousness now denied her, could conduct without any loss of dignity whatsoever and her talent was so greatly appreciated that, as a respectful gesture, the awkward housemaid was despatched to fortify the Knick-Knack Duster with a cup of tea and a wafer of toast. This delicate consideration elevated the visit to a social status and spared the Gentle Female embarrassment should any of her former acquaintances chance to call. (I presume the duster was then flung behind the sofa or stuffed into the aspidistra pot.)

After which, head high (and an emolument in her dorothy bag), the Gentle Female departed to another elegant household.

EVEN more intriguing was the occupation of Suggestor. In the sacred salons of London's most exclusive *couturiere* she would stand aloof, a genteel, dignified figure, obviously of gentle birth. "*'Who,' I asked, 'is that well-bred young lady speaking so graciously to your clientele?' 'That,' I was informed, 'is our Suggestor.'*"

Herself a lady, accustomed to good clothes but finding herself, "through no fault of her own," forced to supplement her income, she had joined the firm (with dignity, of course) in the capacity of adviser to those clients who, unhappily, lacked her taste and experience. Her task it was to "suggest" what clothes they should select, what colours and accessories, and if those lesser employees, the *couturière's* assistants, were in doubt, they, too, sought the advice of the Suggestor.

There she stood, elegant and aloof in a corner of the salon, never demeaning herself by mixing with the staff, but graciously offering advice. She dressed quietly, as befitting her rank and breeding, and although she graciously accepted payment for her services she could never be regarded as a Wage Earner—nor, of course, did she demean herself by touching the hem of a client's garment, or buckling a belt, or fastening a button. Despite her changed status in life, she was still Every Inch a Lady.

The dear Victorians—how precious they were! How they worried about their dignity and their graces! How painfully they accepted the revolutionary idea of women earning their own living!

But could any way have been more painful than that of Boot Stretcher or, as a modern music-hall comedian might put it, a Breaker-in of Boots? But this, it seemed, was by no means undignified. "*We all know,*" said the writer of the article, "*how painful new boots can be, and how many of us have wished, from time to time, for some person to stretch them for us!*" Here, apparently, was an ideal occupation for A Lady in Reduced Circumstances and one becoming more and more popular in the United States of America, where rich young ladies employed their poorer acquaintances for the express purpose of easing unyielding boot-leather.

Early in the day the Poor Acquaintance presented herself at the Park Avenue mansion, shed her own shabby footwear and donned the tight, expensive boots of her rich friend. For a small consideration she undertook to wear the agonising things for a whole day, exercising them in Central Park or parading gently through the more exclusive residential squares—which were, presumably, kinder to the soles of footwear designed for the rich.

Oh, dear, no! Such an occupation was not to be despised, for if perchance some former acquaintance came along, how were they to know that those smart, expensive buttoned boots were not one's own?

I can think of obvious signs. The bulging bunion, the swollen ankle, the frown of pain. You can laugh or you can deplore such enslavement to the cause of dignity. No menial task was suitable for One of Gentle Birth, no sordid contact with necessity must besmirch those lady-like inches.

HOW would these "reduced" ladies react, I wonder, if they could witness their descendants on their knees at the living-room grate, at the sink, buying the homely spud and mundane cauliflower—and, cheerfully, if not willingly, submitting to the need of bread-winning? Would they swoon in elegant horror? Perhaps. But yet, surely, with a pang of envy for a generation which has cast away such false values?

"I have a satisfying sense of the rightness of things," said a successful business-woman to me, "when I walk down the Strand on my way home from the office, with a cabbage tucked under my arm. . . ." No sham. No pretence. No false values here, but a person who can accept any situation with such a dignity as the Victorians could never understand.

I personally am glad I live in a world in which I need not cripple myself in my neighbour's shoes and can tread the path of dignity in my own.

Chelsea in the Country

Pictures and describes Argyle House, a piece of London's history which is still flourishing in one of its most populous parts.

LONDON'S traffic rumbling past Argyle House, in the King's Road, Chelsea, makes the country seem very distant, but when the Italian, Giacomo Leonie, designed and built it in 1723 he could have had no suspicion that it would one day become part of the great metropolis.

Leonie himself describes it as being :

" Upon King's Road, between Chelsea and London, this little country house of my invention built for Mr. John Parreine. The apartments are of a size suitable to a private family. The ornaments of the windows are each of stone, as is also the great cornice ; the rest is grey brick which in my opinion, suiting extremely well with white stone, makes a beautiful harmony of colours."

Looking from the King's Road through the original wrought-iron gates, we can only agree and admire.

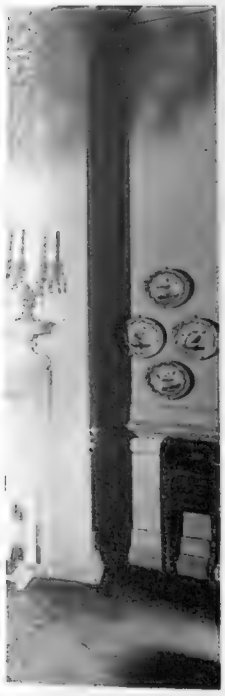
Argyle House was built in the reign of George I. and although the exterior shows the influence of the Palladian style of Lord Burlington's group (of whom Leonie was a member), the interior, which, but for the addition of a wing, remains the same as when it was first built, is panelled and carries on the comfortable domestic tradition of the reign of Queen Anne.

The second owner of the house was the Duke of Argyle, who gave it its name. The present owners are Mr. and Mrs. Michael Harrison, who have furnished it with beautiful things and distinguished taste.

CHELSEA IN THE COUNTRY.

Above : Panelling in the dining-room, as elsewhere, dates back to 1723, when the house was built. Lofty windows with taffeta drapes look out on to the garden. Below : Another aspect of the dining-room, with its gracious eighteenth-century furniture, French chandelier and splendid eighteenth-century gilt mirror over the fireplace. Left : The panelled entrance hall with its fine sweeping staircase has a baroque table with a Venetian mirror above. The chintz-draped windows here and at the bend of the stairs looking upon the King's Road once commanded a view of the countryside which lay between Chelsea and London.

Windows at the garden end of the drawing-room above are draped with satin. A fine Chippendale bureau is grouped with a Venetian mirror and an Adam gilt chair. Left : A splendid Regency bookcase dominates one wall of the drawing-room and is flanked by two Venetian glass mirrors and fine eighteenth-century tables. Over the drawing-room fireplace (below) a modern painting contrasts with a pair of oils. Irish glass lustres are on the mantelpiece and lamps on the fireside tables have red flock shades, which glow with a rich colouring against the light wall panelling.



CHELSEA IN THE COUNTRY.

Mrs. Harrison's bedroom (left), like the rest of the house, is panelled, and filled with light from the lofty windows, which are curtained with taffeta. The bed (below left) has a buttoned head surmounted by frilled muslin cascading from a miniature coronal. The bedspread is of fine white muslin.

In a smaller bedroom (below) the rich patina of eighteenth-century mahogany is thrown into relief against the light wall panelling and flowery chintz curtains with a white ground.

Left : In the main bedroom a white marble mantelpiece is inset with classical medallions and flanked on either side with wardrobe cupboards. Above : A sofa table with a Venetian glass mirror serves as a dressing-table with delicate rose prints grouped on the wall behind.

MEANS AND METHODS

New things to buy and see as well as new ways of tackling old problems are always turning up. New problems to be solved are always appearing for the most capable housewives.

Knowing the best way of tackling this job or that is the test of good housekeeping. This is a report from the housekeeping front to keep you informed of developments.

● April being the merry month for reluctant spring cleaning, we none too early set out to discover how far heads can save hands, feet and time: quest inspired by old family nannie who vows that housekeepers knew a thing or two then that housewives don't now. To quote: a clean duster wrung out in paraffin and allowed to dry will dust and polish simultaneously; brown boot polish is the thing for re-staining wood that has been ring-marked by hot dishes. When patching damaged wallpaper *tear* the new piece and then the join will scarcely show. Floor polish applied with coarse weave sacking will scour sticky patches off boards without effort.

● Which turned the conversation to carpets. A spread of newspaper beneath the underfelt is both a barrier to dust and discouraging to moth; it is *essential* to remove all previous nails from the boards before relaying a cleaned carpet; worn patches in short-pile carpets can be camouflaged with matching colours in artists' waterproof inks, and small, worn patches in Indian carpets can be renewed with rug wool to match design (work loops and then cut level with pile).

● And the latest in carpeting, we learnt from a London store famed for its floor coverings, is rayon fibro. It wears as well as the old-fashioned haircord, looks better, comes in a range of good colours, and costs only 26s. 11d. a yard, 27 ins. wide (at the time of going to press). A product of the rayon industry, the carpet started in the experimental stage four years ago, was received with enthusiasm when released in America, and now is available here.

● In the same store we were shown a new waterproof adhesive which makes joining, binding and even patching of carpets a simple task without need of needle and thread. With the carpet pile downwards, edges are put together, the adhesive smeared over and a length of webbing pressed down on top. In thirty minutes all is firmly fixed. Many other uses include repairs of books, toys, upholstery, canvas chairs and even sunblinds. The very low cost for a fair-size bottle with brush included is 3s. 11d.

● It was the gas inspector who tipped us that a pipe-cleaner is the perfect housewives' choice for clogged burners. When we had manicured our three to pin-point perfection we took time off to twist the remainder of the bundle into a zoo for the nursery mantelpiece. The room's occupant was delighted with our ingenuity—so were we!

● A tip kindly tendered by our Peke's beautician, when we delivered our disgruntled friend for his seasonal grooming, gave pleasure to the man of the house, who quite reasonably detests dogs' hairs on dark suits. It was that a wire shoe-brush will make quick work of removing the hair from any chair on which Peke sat before Poppa. (Certainly we approve floor training for dogs—but *you* know what Pekes are.)

● The bride next door had her own means and methods. It was new to us that a cauliflower tied loosely in butter-muslin can be lifted from the saucepan as easily as a boiled pudding. She had also an ingenious way of preventing salt caking in the cruets by clipping short a hatpin and keeping it in the shaker when not in use. We reciprocated with the suggestion for using the alarm clock for when what's cooking is due for inspection. Also, that an egg-timer will ensure the few minutes' simmering necessary after a white sauce has been brought to the boil. Both parties were pleased with ideas exchanged.

● Loose covers to dress up plain lampshades is clever and pretty. Any semi-transparent fabric is suitable. For a shade with top diameter 6½ ins., bottom diameter 12½ ins., depth 8 ins., materials required are ½ yard fabric, 36 ins. wide, 2 yards inch frilling, 2 yards silk cord. The cover is cut in one piece and seamed together as shown in the photograph. First cut a paper pattern from the actual lampshade, and then cut from the material, allowing ½ in. extra on each edge for turnings.

A slipshade of broderie anglaise gives an effect of particular delicacy.

NEAT UNDER A SUIT

This sweater can be made up in either Target Campanula 3-ply wool or Leemont crepe 2-ply, 6 ozs. of either in blossom pink shade No. 831. Working on No. 12 and No. 10 needles at a tension of 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1-inch, the jumper fits a 34-in. bust.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 106 sts.

1st row.—K. 2, * p. 1, k. 1, rep. from * to end. Rep. this row 34 times.

36th row.—K. 1 (k. 1, p. 1) 3 times, * inc. once in next st. (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times, p. 1, rep. from * to last 9 sts., inc. once in next st. (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times. (116 sts.). Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

1st row.—Knit to end.

2nd row.—K. 1, purl to last st., k. 1.

Continue rep. 1st and 2nd rows, inc. once at both ends of 7th and following 6th row until there are 130 sts. on needle. Continue in plain smooth fabric until work measures 12 ins. from commencement, ending with a purl row. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. once at each end of needle in every row 5 times, then in every alternate row twice. Work 15 rows without shaping. ** In next row, k. 56, turn. Continue on these 56 sts. as follows:

1st row.—K. 6, purl to last st., k. 1.

2nd row.—Knit to end. Rep. the last two rows 5 times, then 1st row once.

14th row.—Knit to last 4 sts., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog. (to form a buttonhole), k. 2.

15th row.—K. 6, purl to last st., k. 1. ** Rep. from ** to ** once. Work 10 rows without shaping. Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st row.—Cast off 8 sts., knit to end.

2nd row.—K. 6, purl to last st., k. 1. Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th row.—Cast off 9 sts., knit to last 4 sts., wl. fwd., k. 2 tog., k.

6th row.—K. 6, purl to last st., k. 1. Rep. 5th and 6th rows once, omitting buttonhole. Cast off. Cast on 6 sts. and using same needle, knit across remaining sts.

1st row.—K. 1, purl to last 6 sts., k. 6.

2nd row.—Knit to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 20 times. Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st row.—Cast off 8 sts., purl to last 6 sts., k. 6.

2nd row.—Knit to end. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows once.

5th row.—Cast off 9 sts., purl to last 6 sts., k. 6.

6th row.—Knit to end. Rep. 5th and 6th rows once. Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 106 sts.

1st row.—K. 2, * p. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * to end. Rep. this row 34 times.

36th row.—K. 1 (k. 1, p. 1) 3 times, * inc. once in next st. (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times, p. 1; rep. from * to last 9 sts., inc. once in next st. (p. 1, k. 1) 4 times. (116 sts.). Using No. 10 needles, proceed as follows:

1st row.—K. 31 (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 34 (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 31.

2nd row.—K. 1, purl to last st., k.1. Rep. the 1st and 2nd rows, inc. at both ends of needle in 7th and every following 6th row, keeping inc. sts. in plain smooth fabric, until there are 130 sts. on needle. Rep. 1st and 2nd rows until work measures 12 ins. from commencement, ending with 2nd row. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of each of next two rows. Dec. once at each end of needle in every row 5 times. Proceed as follows:

1st row.—K. 1, purl to last st., k.1.

2nd row.—K. 1, p. 2 tog., p. 35, k. 34, p. 35, p. 2 tog., k.1.

3rd row.—K. 1, purl to last st., k. 1.

4th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 24, p. 1 (k. 2, p. 1) 3 times, k. 34 (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 24, k. 2 tog., k.1.

5th row.—K. 1, purl to last st., k.1.

** **6th row.**—K. 1, p. 35, k. 34, p. 35, k. 1.

7th row.—K. 1, purl to last st., k.1.

8th row.—K. 26 (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 34 (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 26.

9th row.—K. 1, purl to last st., k. 1 **. Rep. from ** to ** once.

(*Continued on page 76*)

Either of these two clever patterns would look lovely in a colour from the palette of spring

TUNIC JUMPER BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 128 sts. *Do not k. into backs of sts.* Work 8 rows in st.st. Change to No. 12 needles.

9th row.—K. 1, (put needle purlwise through next st. and draw 2nd st. through it. K. this st. and slip it off needle. Now k. 1st st. through *back* of loop and slip off needle, afterwards called "cross 2," k. 2) ; rep. across row, ending cross 2, k. 1.

2nd and 4th rows.—P.

3rd row.—K. 1, (k. 2, cross 2) ; rep., ending k. 3.

Rep. these 4 rows once. **9th row.** (to make hem).—Fold work tog., wrong side inside, and k. tog. 1 st. from needle and 1 cast-on st., working the cross sts. in correct order ; rep. across row. Keeping continuity of patt., work 5 rows.

15th row.—Patt. 38 sts., k. 2 tog., turn, and work on these 39 sts., dec. at end of every 6th row 4 times (35 sts.).

Break wool (at end of k. row). Join wool and work in patt. on centre 40 sts. (leaving 48 sts. unworked), dec. at both ends of 8th, 14th and 20th rows (34 sts.), work 5 more rows, break wool. Join wool and work in patt. on last 48 sts., dec. at beg. of 1st, 7th, 13th, 19th and 25th rows (43 sts.). **Next row.**—P. 112 sts. Work 6 rows in patt., dec. at both ends of 1st and 5th rows. Change to No. 13 needles and work 8 rows. Change to No. 12 needles. Right side of back.—Patt. 50 sts., turn, p. back. Keeping continuity of patt., inc. at end of every 4th row (side seam), and at the same time, inc. at beg. of every 12th row (centre seam) until there are 58 sts., then inc. at end of every other row (keeping the centre inc. on every 12th row 3 times more) until there are 82 sts. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 k. rows (102 sts.); 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 k. rows (110 sts.). Work without inc. until sleeve edge measures 7 ins. Cast off 10 sts. at sleeve edge, at beg. of next 6 k. rows, 5 sts. at beg. of next 4 k. rows (30 sts.). Cast off.

Join wool at centre back. With No. 12 needles work in patt. on 50 sts., turn (leave last 8 sts. on safety-pin), work to match right side, reversing all shapings. Join wool and work in patt. on 8 sts. for 5 ins., cast off.

FRONT

Work as for back for 14 rows.

15th row.—K. 3, cast off 4, k. next st., k. 2 tog., patt. to last 2 sts., k. 2 tog.

16th row.—P., and cast on 4 sts. to complete buttonhole. Continue in patt., dec. on every 6th row, after the first 9 sts. and at end of row (note that, until the decs. are finished, the patt. will be broken after the first 9 sts., take care to work patt. correctly after dec.) 4 times (118 sts.). At the same time, make a buttonhole on 29th and each succeeding 14th row. Dec. on the 45th row, then change to No. 13 needles and work 11 rows, dec. on every 4th row, twice (112 sts.). Change to No. 12 needles and work 8 rows.

65th row.—Work 36 sts. in patt., turn, p. back. Continue on these 36 sts. for 29 rows, making 2 more buttonholes (6 in all), break wool at end of k. row.

Join wool and work 31 rows in patt. on centre 40 sts., inc. at both ends of 1st and every 4th row following, 7 times (56 sts.), break wool at end of k. row. Join wool and work 31 rows on last 36 sts. P. back across all 128 sts. Work 12 rows, inc. at both ends of every 4th (*Continued on page 76*)

The tunic jumper requires 8 oz. Wendy 3-ply Family Wool in crocus yellow, shade 876. If worked on Nos. 13 and 12 needles at a tension of 10 rows and 8 sts. to 1 in., the jumper will fit a 34-in. bust, 36-in. hip; worked on No. 11 instead of No. 12 needles, at a tension of 15 sts. and 21 rows to 2 ins., it will fit 36-in. bust, 38-in. hip

THE TUNIC LINE

Colonel Ellerton was always the perfect gentleman but years of experience had taught him the difference between escapism and escape

The Escape

By A. G. MORRIS

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL The Hon. Wilfred Ellerton. That was his name. Add a D.S.O., a lean, tanned face, a slight limp from an old wound, and you begin to get a picture of the man. He was a gentleman, in the fullest sense of the word, who might have stepped straight out of a book by Buchan or Mason : well-bred, virile, and touched with the romance that always clings to an explorer or a big-game hunter. There are not so many of Ellerton's sort left, for he belonged to the old order, and his army career began long before the day of ranker-officers.

He could ride any horse, judge a bottle of port, and shoot a tiger. Always he had been a magnet for adventure and his whole life formed a chain of hairbreadth escapes from death and danger.

What a world of difference lies between escapism and escapes ! Colonel Ellerton had never heard of an Ivory Tower. But, as a boy, he had fallen off trees and dropped plumb over steep cliffs. And he had survived, with broken rib or collar-bone. Later he had fought a duel over a point of honour. Successively he had been clawed by a leopard and charged by an elephant. He had been jammed in polar ice. In the first World War he was blown up by a mine. In the second, at the age of fifty-five, he escaped from

ONE night, when Ellerton was alone, she arrived, without warning, in a most enticing evening gown. "I feel good neighbours should not stand on ceremony, Colonel. Life is too short, don't you agree?"

Illustrations by Frank Lea

a prison camp by a long, dark tunnel and found a way, after incredible hardships, across the Pyrenees to Spain. There he was thrown into jail again, and, not finding it to his taste, he broke out and reached London. Never mind how. But he walked into his club, as if nothing had happened. Bathed, shaved and reported to the War Office.

And now, nearer seventy than sixty, he was very much alive, over six feet tall, slim as a wand, with an air of eternal military youth. Women still looked at him, and then looked again.

Women ! He had escaped them too, after many encounters, sliding away from sirens to the Arctic or the burning desert. Lady Elizabeth. That was before the first war, when Ellerton was a subaltern, playing polo. Then came Hester Green. Jack Colthurst's widow was the next.

They were all after him. And Ellerton came through intact. Always easy, chivalrous, attentive, but withdrawn and free.

* * * *

By 1952 he thought he was safe. He had his small place in the country, where he could shoot and fish and get a day's hunting, when he felt in the mood. It was a bachelor's paradise. Sufficient money. Good friends. Faithful servants. And then, suddenly, in a nearby cottage appeared Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve, a widow, conscious of perennial charm.

Ellerton ran across her on certain social occasions : sherry at a neighbour's, tennis at the Vicarage. And there was no doubt about it that the lady took the eye. It is possible, just possible, that her (*Continued on page* 64)

ELLERTON put the two passports together in his own folder. "Now everything will be all right," she said lying back on her cushions

Chemist In The Garden

★ Insecticides will combat greenfly in orchard and flower bed.

★ Fungicides will deal with blight in greenhouse and garden.

★ Weed killer will keep lawn, paths and flower beds clear of weeds.

★ Chemicals will rid crazy paving and rockery of ants and insects.

THE development of chemical weed-killers and insecticides to their present pitch of efficiency is a blessing we owe to a large extent to the war. The drastic need for preserving food crops and to find substitutes for imported chemicals gave a stimulus to the discovery of many synthetics which have supplemented and in some cases replaced organic chemicals in the fight against garden pests.

To the household gardener this means that both weed-killers and insecticides can be used more efficiently on a wider variety of weeds and insects.

Take lawns for instance. Weeds like creeping buttercup, chickweed, dandelion and clover need no longer be pulled up by hand; weed-killer applied with the fine rose of a watering can is all they need. The new "selective" weed-killer will be absorbed by broad-leaved plants without affecting grass, and it is harmless to birds and animals as well as to human beings

BUT be wary of that word "selective." A selective weed-killer is not pure magic, but as in a love potion the mixing is important. It must be used at the right time and in precise quantities, varying for different kinds of weeds, so be sure in the first place to follow the directions on the bottle. It is most effective in spring and summer when weeds are in their luscious prime, and should be used three or four times a year.

Droughts and windy weather are equally bad times to apply a weed-killer—the ground should be slightly moist. Any driftings of weed-killer towards fruit might be disastrous; if you need to use a weed-killer in an orchard or a shrubbery, it is quite safe as long as you ensure that it goes where you want it and not on the leaves of fruit and flowers.

Don't neglect docks, horsetail and thistles on uncultivated land. They are a potential danger to your lawn and should be treated with weed-killer before they do serious harm.

THEN insects. Greenfly and blackfly, leaf miner caterpillar and cuckoo spit need no longer be picked off your plants, and ants in the crazy paving need no longer be scalded with kettles of boiling water.

Recent research has produced an all-purpose insecticide based on benzene hexachloride costing only 3s. 6d. for twenty gallons of diluted spray. It can be used on flowers, trees, shrubs, vegetables and fruit, both out of doors and in the greenhouse; it can be sprayed into the entrances to ants' nests in crazy paving and rockeries.

But here again we must guard against becoming spray-happy. The directions on the bottle give precise instructions on the quantities to be used for different kinds of pest. The spray should be used at the time when it is most effective. A spring spraying programme for fruit trees is often more effective and cheaper than winter washes. Apple, for instance, should be treated for greenfly at the green cluster stage, and plums at white bud, approximately the first week in April.

IT seems almost unnecessary to warn gardeners not to forget the beneficial insects in their gardens, but a spray is all too often a temptation to be free-handed. Protect them by avoiding open blossoms on fruit trees, and if you are spraying raspberry canes for cane midge it should be done early in the season in the first and third weeks of May.

An expert closely concerned with the development of weed-killers and insecticides in this country advises gardeners that a selective weed-killer is only selective if it is used in the right quantity; an insecticide, however efficient, should be used for prevention as well as for cure. Success depends on using the amount that kills the largest number of weeds or insects and the amount that begins to damage the crop.

This is the time of year when gardeners begin to be thankful that at least some of the metaphorical tears and the all-too-literal backache have disappeared from gardening

Suit Yourself

Miracles can be worked with make-up and hair styling to create the illusion of perfect facial proportion. Here are examples of three basic facial types, with hair styled for each by leading stylists, and make-up devised by Elizabeth Arden

Right

Wrong

LONG FACE

IF the face is long and angular, the aim of hairdressing should be to soften the angles and if possible to shorten the face somewhat. The hair should not be worn too short at the back, if the neck tends to be rather long. On the other hand, a halo of shaggy curls will not necessarily give the required soft roundness, and may only send the thin face into even sharper relief.

The style shown here by Peter French is perfectly suited to the long-featured face as it is flat on top and so avoids increasing the length of the features, and it gives width and softness while still being neat.

AIM at giving width to the face and softness to the features in make-up, reducing the apparent length of the face.

First the contours should be moulded by means of two tones of foundation. The principle is that light colours bring features into high relief, darker colours subdue them. The difference between the two tones must not, of course, be a marked one, if the final make-up is to look natural. The foundations used should be no more than three tones lighter or three tones darker than the natural skin tone.

Right

Wrong

FULL FACE

FOR this facial type, the best hair style aims at an illusion of increased length of face, without adding to actual length. It is a mistake to pile the hair high on top and clamp the hair tight to the temples and think by so doing that a full face will appear longer. It is more likely to make the face look even larger still.

What is required is a neat hair style, especially as so often happens, when the neck is rather short. Hair which is neatly shaped and cut short at the back so that it well clears the coat collar, will give extra length to the profile. This is particularly true of the mature full face. A young, chubby face can look charming surrounded by a cloud of fluffy curls, but in the older woman it so quickly becomes untidy and therefore ageing.

A soft upward movement of the front hair is more effective in giving an illusion of length to the full face than actually piling up the hair. Both these points, neat profile and soft upward movement at the temples, are used by Elizabeth Arden in the hair style shown here, created for the full-faced, mature woman.

Make-up for the full face should aim at moulding the features and if possible adding to the illusion of length. The

Beauty By Chrysis

For advice on your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Dark foundation is applied to features which it is undesirable to bring into prominence—in this case the chin or the nose if it is overlong. Light foundation is applied elsewhere in a thin but continuous film all over the face, excepting only the upper eyelids.

Now rouge is used to soften further the contours. It should be applied to the cheeks, two fingers' breadth away from the nose, blended back right to the ears, and taken right up underneath the eyes. If the skin tends to be rather pale or tired looking, as is sometimes the case in the maturer thin face, a suspicion of rouge taken up on the temple and on the chin further rounds the angles. A line made with just a suspicion of rouge or dark foundation from the nostril outwards parallel with the line of the upper lid and then again on the upper lip itself, will help, too.

Eyes can be elongated to give added width to the face. The upper lid should be first primed with a neutral eye shadow, then the final colour is applied at the centre of the upper eyelid, and smoothed out at an oblique angle to the outer edge of the brow. If desirable, the lower lash line can be extended slightly. Eyebrows should be straight.

The mouth needs to be made up to appear full and rounded and this can best be done using the two-colour technique. For daytime wear, put a blue red over a pure or orange red; for evening, put the orange or pure red over a blue tone.

SQUARE FACE

THE aim in hair styling for this type of face is to balance the strong jawline. It is important to remember that this shape face can be most attractive. It has character and can have great charm so there is no need for conjuring tricks.

Aim at a triangle, which emphasizes the temples and minimizes the jawline. The hair style by Raymond does this admirably. The hair is swept up at the side to follow through the line of the jaw. The hair is dressed quite flat on top, yet softness and width is given at the temples by the softly turned fringe.

In making-up this type of face the object is to disguise the width of the jawline and to slightly lengthen the face.

Two tones of foundation are used to mould the features. Use dark foundation on the features which are to be subdued, such as the nose if it is prominent and the jawline as indicated in the diagram. Too wide a nose can be slimmed by applying the darker foundation at the sides of the nose. Use the light foundation elsewhere.

With rouge, mould the cheekbones, taking the colour high up under the eyes (a pale rim between the "colour" and the eyes is very unbecoming and ageing), in to within one and a half fingers' breadth from the nose and out to the ears.

Prepare the eyes for make-up by first applying a neutral shade of eye shadow if the lids are naturally rather fair. Start well down at the lash line and blend upwards but not outwards. Go right from inner to outer corner of the eyelid, as any part left untouched tends to look pink and therefore sore. Then apply the accent with eye shadow of your chosen shade, applying it at the centre of the eyelid and smoothing upwards and outwards, but no farther than the end of the brow. Eyebrows should be slightly curved.

Keep the mouth fairly full but avoid making it too wide.

moulding can be done with two tones of foundation and rouge or two foundations only.

USE the recessive darker foundation on the jawline as indicated in the diagram, and under the chin if the chin is rather heavy.

Now, with rouge if colour is desirable, or with the darker foundation if a pale make-up is required, mould the cheekbones, taking the colour high up under the eyes, to within a finger and a half's breadth of the nose, fading it away back towards the ears. Then, with the lightest touch, put in a "hollow" under the cheekbone with a diagonal line as indicated in the diagram. Remember to blend all in well so that there is no hard line visible.

Eyes should not be elongated, as this will draw the emphasis outwards again. Draw an imaginary line from the outer corner of the eye to the end of the brow and another parallel to this from the inner corner of the eye. This is the area for the eye shadow, with emphasis on the centre.

If the eyelids are pale, put on first a neutral eye shadow, then apply the emphasis with blue or green according to requirements. Put cosmetique on the centre of the upper lashes only and train them upwards, not outwards. Eyebrows should not be straight or elongated, which tends to widen the face, but curved just slightly downwards.

Margaret Sharp

Shopping For You

1

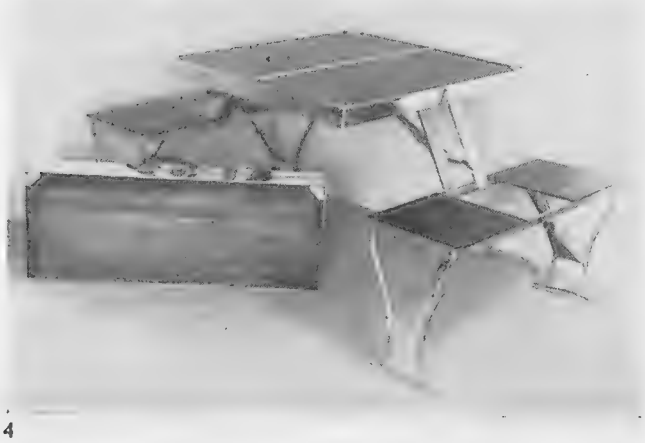
1 A new gas boiling burner incorporates several interesting features of design. The cast-iron bowl prevents overturning and collects any liquid which may overflow. The burner may be placed on the sideboard or table without danger of fire. Worth remembering for early morning tea or after dinner coffee making. Price about 21s.

2

2 Colourful pottery tankards are deservedly popular. They are more gay and cheerful than white Utility china and more serviceable than the customary glass lemonade sets. Here is an attractive example from the range of Gaiety handpainted English stoneware. The leafy designs are in lovely colours on a neutral ground. Tankards are from 12s. 5d., the jugs from 20s. 6d.

3

3 This is a useful wall fitment where space is at a premium. In sitting-room or study the shelves serve as a wall desk. In a bedroom, the detachable mirror converts it into a dressing-table. In mahogany, the price is £12 12s. For rooms where space is less restricted, there is an attractive bedroom suite at Utility prices, in unusual modern woods. The dressing-table is particularly well equipped with a tray lined for jewellery and a compartment for cosmetics which can be removed for easy cleaning.

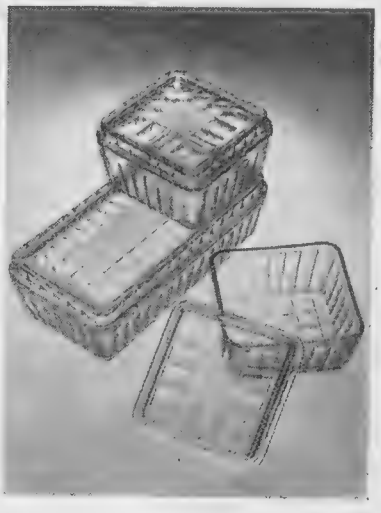


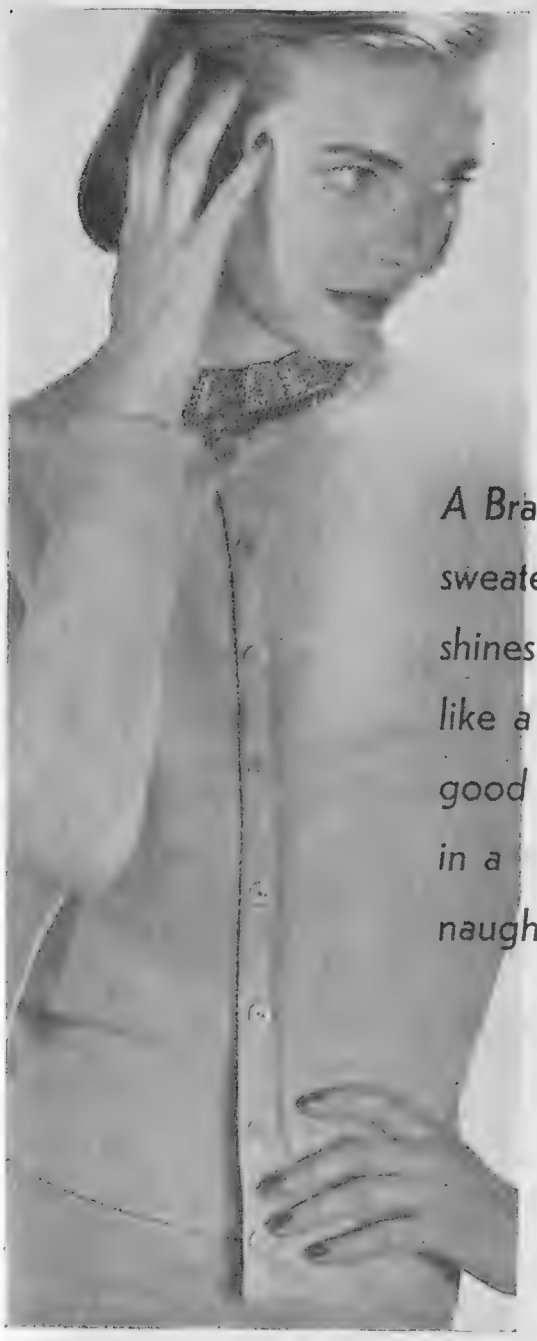
4

4 As it will soon be the time of picnics and excursions into the country, it is not too early to start thinking about equipment. This collapsable table unit is a most ingenious contribution to the comfort of an alfresco meal. When extended, the unit provides seats and table accommodation for four. When folded, it takes up no more space than a week-end case as the photograph here shows. It is strong, light and easy to manipulate and would be just as handy for the garden as on a day's outing. Price £12 16s. 8d.

A clothes' brush disguised as a crinoline lady. She is designed to stand on the dressing table and is obtainable in a range of colours, price 5s.

Glass storage sets in a design which makes them suitable for table use, are as useful whether you possess a frig or not. Approximate prices are 5s. 10d. for the large box and lid, 3s. 4d. each for the small square ones





The sheer perfection of a Braemar twin-set, the downy softness, the rainbow of colouring, the loving care that goes into the making, the finish — so perfect that you could almost wear it inside out — make Braemar perhaps too desirable.

Right now too many women want too few Braemars; even although there are *more* Braemars than ever before. But you *can* find a Braemar. And because the classic lines have both wit and wisdom and are so right for life today, it is well worth asking for them. All the good shops stock them; in strictly limited supplies, of course. But the personal triumph of owning and cherishing a Braemar can be yours. Do ask. It's worth it.

BRAEMAR

INNES, HENDERSON AND COMPANY LTD., HAWICK, SCOTLAND

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Susan Small world!

Wasp waisted, full-skirted suit in shantung taffeta, teamed with a crisp, washable sharkskin blouse. In pewter and peacock. Sizes 12-14.

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Birmingham—WERFF BROTHERS
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Watford—CLARIDGE
York—LEADERS

Susan Small Ltd. (Wholesale only), 76 Wells Street, London, W.1.

More Shopping For You . . .

Spotting useful and decorative things for the home, helpful services and news from London stores is our shopping expert's mission in life. An inquiry to Margaret Sharp, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2, will bring further details of the items on this and the preceding page and advice on specific shopping matters

ONE children's outfitters now have in stock something that parents have long been waiting for. American jeans for girls and boys from three to twelve years, made in genuine blue denim, costing from 25s. 6d. to 28s. 6d.; check gingham shirts to go with them from 12s. to 15s. They also have some delightful candlewick dressing gowns to fit children from two to twelve years, from 47s. 6d. to 52s. 6d.

A large selection of beautifully made Swedish and Italian hanging lamps are now available. They are in an enormous variety of styles, to suit every taste, and they nearly all feature enclosed bulbs, which give an attractively diffused light. Prices are from £5.

A small plastic cone, costing 1s. 9d., helps you to make coconut pyramids quickly and easily without even getting your fingers sticky.

Here is some good news for women with over-average figures and especially those who have difficult proportions. "Gold Cross" dresses, now obtainable at most large stores, are made in forty-two fittings, in styles and materials especially suited to the fuller figure. A variety of models to choose from at down-to-earth prices.

Anything which helps to make shoe-cleaning less unpleasant will be welcomed by everybody. The "Homeshine" Shoe Cleaning Compactum does this by providing a comfortable non-slip foot-rest, a holder for the polish tin and separate compartments for black and brown materials, all in one neat unit. It costs 39s. 9d.

A new type of fibre-soled shoe is now on sale for only 12s. 7d. a pair. These are Baffeez beach ballet shoes. Made in many attractive colours, they are gay, comfortable and hardwearing and are equally suitable for the beach, square dancing or wearing around the house.

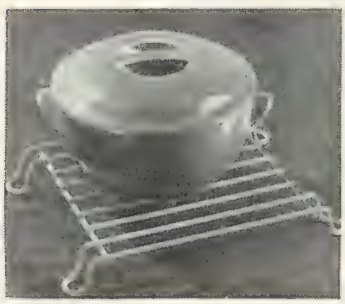
Owners of top-floor flats will find this milk bottle carrier invaluable. It is strong, rust-proof, light and so constructed that the bottles will leave no rings when put down on the table. In two sizes for three or six bottles, 10s. 4d. and 11s. 9d.

Attractive table glass in the traditional blue willow pattern on an opaque white ground. Fruit dishes are approximately 7s. 6d. for the large size, 4s. 1½d. for the small; sandwich plates 6s. large, 3s. 10½d. small.

No more laundry snags! This clothes line is covered with plastic to give a smooth surface which will protect stockings and fine garments. An eighteen-yard line costs approximately 6s.

This gadget does duty as a bottle pourer and stopper combined. Open, it will measure the smallest quantities from tots to drops; closed, it will keep the bottle airtight until the next time. Price 2s. 11d.

Fix this cloth-holder near the sink to beguile and assist the washer-up. It can be secured to any flat surface by suction. A time-saver, in one quick movement fixes the cloth securely. Price 2s. 9d.



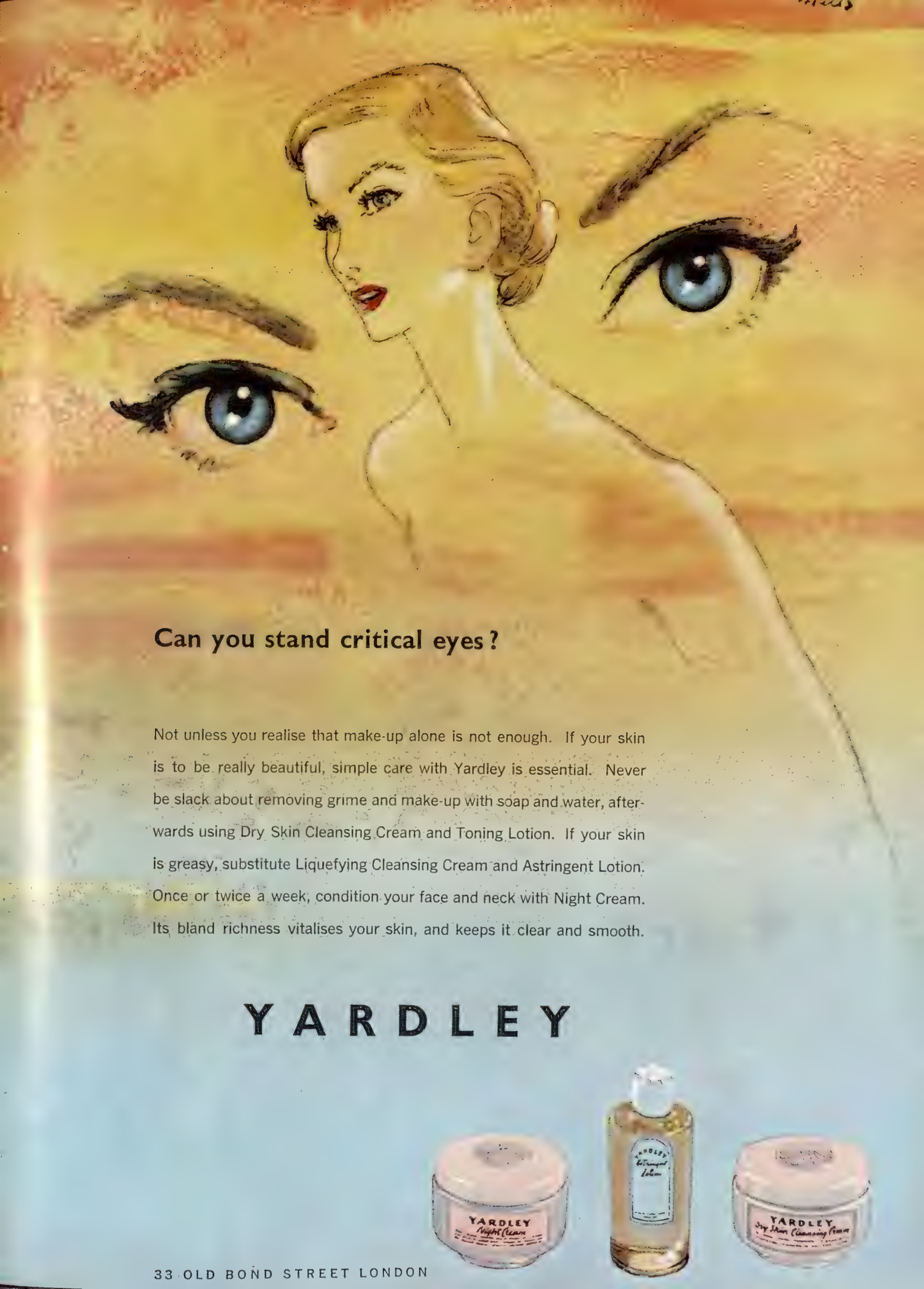
Attractive dish-stands can serve a double function in protecting the table from heat marks and adding colour to the table appointments. These are enamelled in bright red, blue and green, 5s. 5½d. a set of three

If you have an old wax doll or any much valued toy, which is in need of repair, a firm specializing in this type of work will do it for you. They will make toys to order, however strange the request, provided they are non-mechanical. They will also make portrait models of your pets from photographs, in latex rubber, at a cost of one guinea for the first and half a guinea for each repeat.

You can make a visit to London a special occasion for your dog, too, by taking him to a dog's beauty parlour. There he can have any beauty treatment he may require: shampoo, strip, manicure, tooth-cleaning, brushing and combing or medicated bath. If he is nervous or delicate every care will be taken to put him at his ease. In fact every dog is given the very best individual attention no matter what his breed.

A gramophone record, with a personal greeting delivered in your own voice, would make a welcome gift for friends or relatives abroad. This service is provided by a Bond Street sound studios, who will record your messages in complete privacy. They charge 12s. 6d. for a two-minute recording.

A unique service is offered by a London Boutique. Not only will they make clothes to any design but they will weave the material to match anything you wish, from your jewellery to your eyes. Perhaps you want a scarf or handbag to match a favourite suit; if they haven't anything suitable in stock they will make it for you. The workmanship and materials are of the very finest quality so that the following prices: skirts and blouses 6 gns., dresses and two-pieces 16 gns., coats 35–40 gns., do not seem unreasonable.



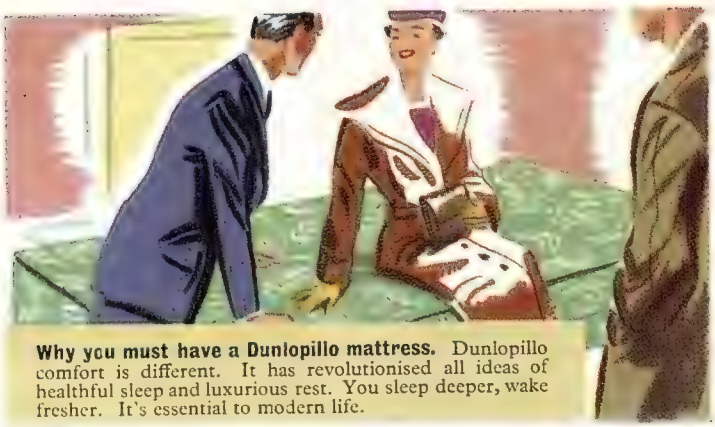
Can you stand critical eyes?

Not unless you realise that make-up alone is not enough. If your skin is to be really beautiful, simple care with Yardley is essential. Never be slack about removing grime and make-up with soap and water, afterwards using Dry Skin Cleansing Cream and Toning Lotion. If your skin is greasy, substitute Liquefying Cleansing Cream and Astringent Lotion. Once or twice a week, condition your face and neck with Night Cream. Its bland richness vitalises your skin, and keeps it clear and smooth.

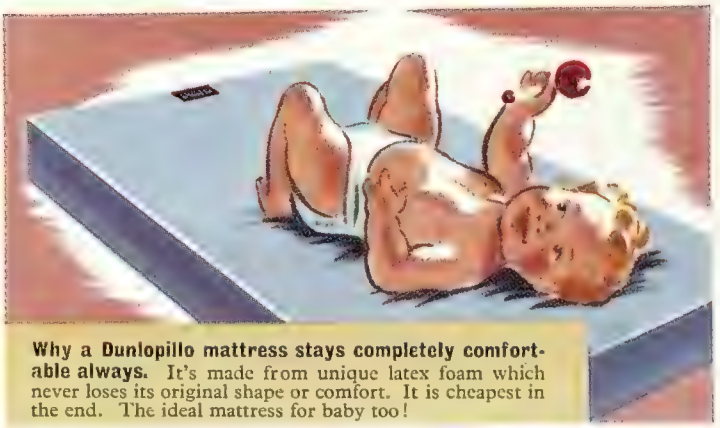
YARDLEY

33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON

"You are missing one of the best things in life until you sleep on Dunlopillo"



Why you must have a Dunlopillo mattress. Dunlopillo comfort is different. It has revolutionised all ideas of healthful sleep and luxurious rest. You sleep deeper, wake fresher. It's essential to modern life.



Why a Dunlopillo mattress stays completely comfortable always. It's made from unique latex foam which never loses its original shape or comfort. It is cheapest in the end. The ideal mattress for baby too!

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FOUNDERS OF THE LATEX FOAM INDUSTRY

2D D7A

Versatile Potato

Some think the potato has limitations,

but Janet Darby thinks otherwise

NOTHING takes the colour of its surroundings so easily as the potato. From the well-known potato sog, misnamed mashed potato, which shares its dishonour with Cambridge Steak, or covers the shame of shepherd's pie, to the delectable Pommes Anna of France, or the Kartoffelkuche of Austria, is not so far a cry as you might think.

Let's start with the boiled versions. We all know the first principles, of course : peel thinly, so as to retain the full flavour, cover with cold water as soon as each potato is peeled so that it shouldn't discolour, don't leave to soak if you can help it, and cook on a moderate heat, so that they shouldn't disintegrate. Twenty minutes—no more—and add your salt five minutes before you take them off. Then drain thoroughly, add a very little milk—two tablespoonfuls is plenty, a knob of margarine, and beat till really smooth with a fork or a wooden spoon. There's your mashed potato, proudly to accompany the well-grilled sausage, the tender thin slice of five-minute steak, the shapely round of the lightly poached egg. A little of what you fancy does you good, and you fancy it more when it starts by looking nice.

THAT'S simple enough: but it's only the beginning of what you can do with mashed potato. Do you know Pommes Duchesse? Try it when you've an egg to spare. Whip the potato into the well-beaten egg, and I mean *whip* it as if it were cream, season to your taste with pepper and salt—a touch of nutmeg if you like it—turn the creamy mixture into a well-greased dish, dab a few spots of margarine on top, and put into a moderate oven till the top is golden-brown. Only a dieting duchess would turn up her nose at that, and even she might be tempted. Especially if you grated cheese on it before it went into the oven. Or made deep depressions in it with the bowl of a spoon and broke an egg into each depression.

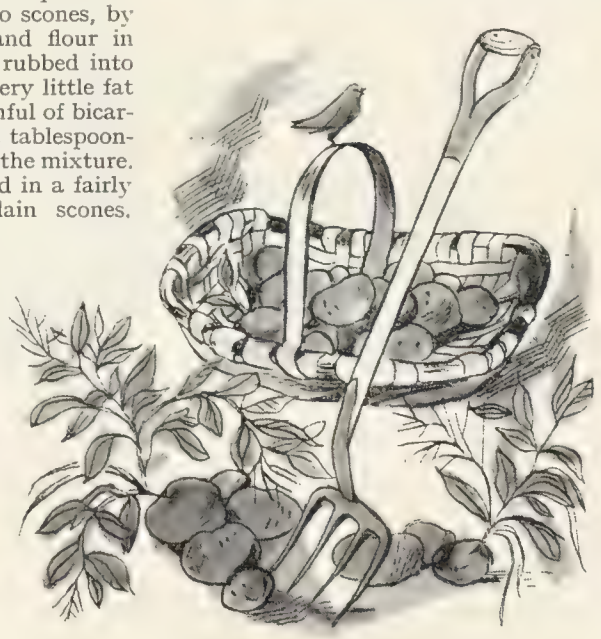
Have you ever tried potato scones, by the way? Mashed potato and flour in equal quantities, the potato rubbed into the flour, a pinch of salt, a very little fat rubbed in too, half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda dissolved in a tablespoonful or so of milk and added to the mixture. Shaped into scones and baked in a fairly quick oven, they make plain scones. Add a very little sugar—about a teaspoonful—and a few sultanas. Bake them while the tea is brewing, for they only take five minutes, and serve them hot. Dare I mention wistfully that they're better spread with butter? Oh, well, margarine if that's what you've plenty of.

I always parboil potatoes before I roast them. Five minutes in boiling salted water and then drain them. The fat in the baking tin piping hot before I lower each immaculately white and unbroken potato into it, turning each so that it has a thin and even layer of fat on it before the heat of the oven does its beneficent job of turning it golden. Choose potatoes as near the same size as possible for this, so that they all cook evenly.

Perhaps you like them in their jackets? Well-scrubbed, pricked with a fork in one or two places, so that the heat can get at their insides, and cooked until their skins feel crisp. Make a small slit on one side of each, insert a thin sliver of margarine to melt into a golden liquid inside the potato. Serve with roast meat or grilled herrings.

Let's go back to our raw, but by no means rude, potato. Pommes Anna demands butter, I'm sorry to say, but there's a dish which has been rightly praised by epicures. If you can ever rise to it, do try it. You need an earthenware round dish, with a lid. Grease the dish with butter, peel the potatoes thinly and slice them as thinly as possible. Each slice should be nearly transparent. Place an even layer at the bottom of the dish, sprinkle with salt, dab generously with butter. Use about an ounce of butter to each layer, and make about ten layers, alternating butter and potato, each layer sprinkled with salt. Cover with greased paper and put the lid on it. Cook in a moderate oven about forty minutes. Turn it out on to a hot dish—it will turn out as a solid cake—and serve it with poultry as a special. Or eat it by itself. It deserves the compliment.

In Austria the potato is properly respected. As a salad for a hot day, for example. Freshly boiled potatoes, cut into cubes while still warm, mixed with a little grated onion, and gently turned over and over in a mixture of salad oil and vinegar or lemon (*Continued on page* 68)



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Be REGULAR without EFFORT

Here is good news for those who have trouble in keeping their systems 'regular.'

A special laxative—'Mil-Par'* is now on sale which will give them just the help they need. Actually it is a very fine combination of

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'* with a selected grade of **MEDICINAL PARAFFIN**

'Milk of Magnesia' is, of course, unrivalled as a mild antacid-laxative. Together with Medicinal Paraffin it gives just that lubricating action which ensures 'regularity' without effort—so much better than purging. This is why, for instance, it has been found specially good for expectant or nursing mothers.

Be regular with 'Mil-Par'!

'MIL-PAR' REGD.

FOR EFFORTLESS REGULARITY

* *The words 'Mil-Par' and 'Milk of Magnesia' are the registered trade marks of The Chas. H. Phillips Chemical Company Ltd.*

After 25 —

Watch for Dry Skin

Round about the age of 25, every woman should use her mirror with a more critical eye.

Tiny lines, flakiness, dry patches—these show that the natural oils of the skin are beginning to decrease. Before 40, skin may lose as much as 20 per cent. of its own softening oil.

Help your skin by giving it a cream specially suited to its needs. A special new cream, Pond's Dry Skin Cream, will offset this inevitable drying-out. Three features make Pond's Dry Skin Cream so effective: 1. It is rich in lanolin, very like the skin's natural oil. 2. It is homogenized to soak in better. 3. It has a softening emulsifier.

Use Pond's Dry Skin Cream these two ways

LANOLIN-SOFTEN BY NIGHT: After cleansing, smooth Pond's Dry Skin Cream generously over your face and work in thoroughly, leaving a light film to soften your skin all night. You feel its softening help immediately. Lines and roughness are smoothed away.

LANOLIN-PROTECT BY DAY: If your skin is very dry, smooth in a little Pond's Dry Skin Cream before you make up. Your skin will be protected all day.

Pond's Dry Skin Cream is reasonably priced at 2/9 a jar.

The Lady Daphne Straight

"Pond's Dry Skin Cream is remarkable. It is so very rich—yet very soft, too—and never sticky. I like it better than any other," says Lady Daphne.

Dry Skin? *This is the answer*

The Canon's Daughters

(*Continued from page 40*)

"On the contrary I shall be glad if you do go and see her even if it entails witnessing her degradation."

By the time I left, Miss Henrietta had regained something of her habitual calm. With one of her rare exhibitions of demonstration, she kissed me on either cheek and her softly murmured "dear child" gave me somehow a sense of dedication. She might be an embittered, poverty-stricken, over class-conscious spinster, but she remained for all that a gallant creature. I drove away saddened, not because of Miss Elizabeth's mésalliance, but because I couldn't help noticing that the sitting-room was now stripped bare of well-remembered family heirlooms, even the treasured miniatures of dead and gone Ducombes of a prosperous era had disappeared.

THE Manor Farm, the home of George Wenbourne, was a complete contrast—it exuded comfortable, if tasteless, affluence. Miss Elizabeth, I could never think of her as otherwise, proved to be a revelation. If ever a bride, and a middle-aged one at that, put on an act, she did. A girl, that is a sophisticated modern, would have scorned to blush as she did. Never had I seen her look prettier or more silly. She positively oozed self-complacence when she talked of: "we married women," and when "my husband" appeared, she purred and dimpled with Victorian coyness.

Obviously she adored the big, bluff, burly man who treated her with the good-natured tolerance he would have displayed towards a playful kitten. I was convinced that Miss Henrietta was out in her reckoning. I doubted if ever there had been any physical or moral coercion on the part of George Wenbourne. On the contrary I became more and more convinced that, when for reasons best known to himself, he had set about his wooing, Miss Elizabeth had met him more than halfway. I bore her inanities for as long as I could, wondering at the same time if they bored him as much as they did me. Rough diamond though he might be, he was not without native intelligence. What possible satisfaction, I asked myself, could a lusty, if middle-aged man, have derived from mating with his mature kitten? Whenever his eyes rested on me, I caught the same knowing and yet ingratiating twinkle as much as to say: "Don't think I can't read your thoughts, my girl."

On leaving he walked with me down the garden path, when to my utter and complete surprise, I heard myself pleading:

"I know Miss Henrietta can be trying, but I am frankly worried about her. I know she's as proud as Lucifer, but I don't believe she has enough to eat. The skin is drawn tightly over her cheekbones."

He didn't speak for a moment or two and I was wondering whether he hated Miss Henrietta as much as she did him, when he laid his hand on my arm, saying reassuringly:

"Don't 'ee fear. She won't ever want for nothing, not if I can help it and I *mean* to help it. A proud, stiff-necked woman she may be, but I respects her for being that—and more besides."

I left feeling strangely comforted.

* * *

Miss Henrietta was even a worse correspondent than I am, which is saying a lot, so I was all the more surprised when some months later, I received an unusually long letter from her.

". . . You will doubtless be surprised on observing the address that heads this letter," she wrote. (On glancing at the top of the page—C/o Mr. George Wenbourne, The Manor Farm, Lower Saplings, I certainly was). "A series of unforeseen circumstances has contributed to my move. For no ascertainable reason the thatch on the roof of my cottage caught fire. I have to thank Farmer Wenbourne, who happened to be in the vicinity at the time, for his prompt assistance in helping to put out the flames, which was only accomplished after irreparable damage had been done to what remained of my furniture and personal belongings. Indeed I found myself possessed of practically nothing beyond the clothes I was wearing at the time of the inexplicable conflagration.

"Circumstances being such as they were, I had no alternative other than to accept Farmer Wenbourne's offer of temporary hospitality. Disastrous as the fire was, my regrets were somewhat mitigated by the knowledge that, owing to financial reasons, I should have soon had to vacate my home. When after several weeks' residence at the home of my brother-in-law, *I* suggested I should look for quarters elsewhere, *he* suggested I should become a permanent member of his household. As you may well believe such a suggestion necessitated due consideration on my part. I eventually decided to close with his offer on the strict understanding that I should contribute weekly towards my board. In parentheses—a spinster's mite! The deciding factor, however, was when he pointed out that Elizabeth would be glad of and benefit from my companionship, he being of necessity away the greater part of the day.

He pointed out further that I should be able to help her with and relieve her from her domestic duties. Elizabeth, as you will doubtless remember, is not naturally domesticated, quite apart from suffering from indifferent health. Up to the present the arrangement has worked better than I ever had reason to hope. George in spite of his brusque manner and lack of educational facilities is not without kindness of heart and his consideration for and care of Elizabeth are beyond all praise. I have much appreciated his tact in arranging for me to have my own sitting-room. . . ."

The letter concluded by saying that Elizabeth wished to be included in her good wishes for my happiness and welfare. I almost missed the hastily written postscript on the back page:

"George asks me to convey his respects and to say that he trusts you have had no further encounters with grazing bulls."

I could picture the wink with which he passed on this message to Miss Henrietta. Certainly so far as he was concerned the barometer showed a tendency to "set fair" rising from "the presumptuous yokel" to Farmer Wenbourne and from Farmer Wenbourne to George. And how relieved and thankful I was to know that my dear, if autocratic, Miss Henrietta had found a comfortable and assured home. When re-reading her letter my memory flashed back to George Wenbourne's parting words to me at his gate: "Don't 'ee fear. She won't ever want for nothing, not if I can help it and I *mean* to help it. A proud, stiff-necked woman she may be, but I respects her for being that—and more besides."

A statement from which I made a pretty shrewd guess as to who had been responsible for "the inexplicable conflagration" of Miss Henrietta's cottage.

* * *

Mainly on account of my being abroad, I lost touch for several years with Miss Elizabeth and Miss Henrietta. On my return to England a perfect spring day decided me on the spur of the moment to drive down to Lower Saplings. Apart from my genuine affection for the sisters I was anxious to see how the ménage à trois had worked out.

Whilst walking up the garden path of Manor Farm I gauged that Miss Henrietta's "green fingers" were responsible for the clipped hedges and beds gay with flowers, also I attributed the spotless net curtains and general air of well-keptness of the old farmhouse to her energy.

Her welcome left nothing to be desired, but after a while I became conscious of a feeling of restraint. (*Continued on page 64*)

Silhouette your figure

IN THIS EXCITING NEW ACHIEVEMENT IN CORSET DESIGN

THE Park Lane ... Holds you gently at the

waist ... moulds you firmly at the

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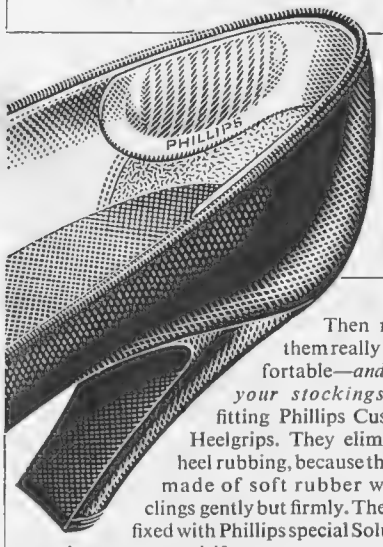
Are your shoes loose at heel?



Then make them really comfortable—*and save your stockings*—by fitting Phillips Cushion Heelgrips. They eliminate heel rubbing, because they're made of soft rubber which clings gently but firmly. They are fixed with Phillips special Solution and never come adrift.

Ask your Shoeman for them today.

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CUSHION
HEELGRIPS
LAST THE LIFE OF THE SHOES

Being early in the afternoon I hadn't expected to see Miss Elizabeth (I still couldn't think of her as Mrs. George Wenbourne) for since childhood days I had known that she always rested from two to four.

Glancing at Miss Henrietta more closely I noticed a subtle but definite difference. True, the last time I had seen her she had been emaciated to the verge of starvation, but now though she carried herself with her habitual erectness, she seemed to have filled out, and her still surprising dark hair was no longer dragged back off her forehead but allowed to frame her face in soft waves. As always she was dressed with almost uniform severity and neatness, but now the very slight open V at the neck of her grey dress with its spotless lawn collar produced almost a frivolous effect. Sallow she had always been, but I detected a faint hint of warmth in her cheeks. I broke into a pause which was beginning to become awkward by inquiring after Miss Elizabeth.

"Of course, I know she always rests in the afternoons, but I hope——"

"She—Elizabeth—my sister died about eighteen months ago."

"I *am* sorry—I hadn't the faintest idea. . . . I hope she didn't suffer. Was it sudden?"

"Her death couldn't have been more peaceful. When as usual I took up her afternoon cup of tea, I thought at first that she was asleep until I realized she would never wake again. She had died as serenely as she had lived."

I was about to speak when a man's footsteps were audible in the hall. The door opened with a jerk and revealed George Wenbourne, exuding health and the amazing vigour I had always associated with him. He didn't notice me as he crossed the room with unexpected elasticity of step for so heavily built a man. I caught my breath, for his arms had gone round Miss Henrietta. Holding her close he gazed down into her eyes, saying with rough tenderness:

"I *had* to step in just to look at you afore I started on the evenin' milkin', just to know you were here—waitin' and watchin' for me, my very own wife."

Wife! Miss Henrietta married to the "presumptuous yokel"! Miss Henrietta not only submitting to, but responding to the warmth of his embrace. Miss Henrietta with her head tilted back murmuring softly—"My man—my man. . . ." For the first time in all the years I had known her, I saw her cheeks flush. For the first time, too, her direct gaze didn't meet my astonished one.

When George Wenbourne at length became aware of me, he was quite unabashed. The well-remembered twinkle in his very blue and alert eyes when he announced with a throaty chuckle:

"That's how it always was between us from the beginnin'. My hankering after her—her hankerin' after me."

When I left in due course, he didn't as previously walk down the garden path with me. Presumably the second Mrs. Wenbourne occupied his full attention. "Presumptuous yokel"—I ask you!

END

The Canon's Daughters

The Escape

(*Continued from page* 52)

face had been lifted, but to Colonel Ellerton, at that time, she seemed fragile and feminine, in a way that flattered his virility.

"It's wonderful to see you play, Colonel. You make those youngsters run all over the court. . . ."

"Nice little woman," he thought, "got good ankles."

All the same. Well, a feller had to watch his step. It made a change to meet Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve in the limited local circle, and even to include her in invitations to his own house, where she leavened the male loaf, but. . . . But things began to happen on days that the widow had not been invited.

"James, who put those flowers in my room? Not you, I'll be bound."

"No, sir. Well, sir. . . ."

"Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve, eh?"

"You were out shooting, sir, and. . . ."

"All right, James. And those little cakes at tea, the same?"

James was apologetic.

"I'm afraid so, sir. Madam said she had made too many for herself, so she hoped you would share. . . ."

And then, one night, when Ellerton was alone, she arrived, without warning, in a most enticing evening gown.

"I feel good neighbours should not stand on ceremony. Colonel. Life is too short, don't you agree?"

"Quite, quite," said Ellerton, "delighted to see you. Very charming confection, what!"

"I'm so glad you noticed. Most men are so blind."

"Not when you're about, dear lady," said the Colonel, gallantly, and he mixed her a cocktail, with a question mark in his brain.

"Steady hand and steady eye," said the widow, watching Ellerton carry the glass across the room. "I hear you are the best shot in the county. . . ."

FLATTERY was all very well. A shade too well. Ellerton went abroad. He was getting a little too old for the wilds, so he slipped away, silently, unobtrusively to France, leaving no address.

About a fortnight later he came into his hotel, hoping for a good dinner, with a bottle of wine. Then book and bed.

But in the lounge she rose to meet him.

"Dear Colonel Ellerton, this is an enchanting surprise!"

His middle stump was uprooted, but he kept his head and his manners, calling for apéritifs, and trotting out a bit of French, as he raised his glass to Madame:

"*Bone Santé!* Not bad, eh? Sounds better than Mud in Your Eye."

Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve sat back, laughing, and, by Jove, she looked smart. Made even the French women provincial. Used good scent, too, none of your cheap stuff.

The Colonel sniffed approvingly.

"Very delicate perfume," he said, "French?"

"No, English."

"Wonderful job. We can beat 'em at most things, when we try. Except wine."

After that one thing led to another, and before long, inevitably, they were sharing a table for dinner. It put the clock back years for Ellerton. "When did I last . . .?"

Yes, and the next morning they shared *petit déjeuner*. Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve knew exactly how an Englishman felt abroad. "Poor Colonel, how you must miss your eggs and bacon!"

"Gettin' broken in, with rationing at home," said Ellerton, and they both enjoyed the joke.

"Don't worry about me," said the widow. "Read your paper."

So they settled down cosily, almost as if. . .

FOR lunch the Colonel thought it might be wise to bring in two old friends, from another hotel. When the time came, though, it was manifestly impossible to exclude Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve.

She was introduced and she made charming small talk, as they all sipped dry Martinis. She had also the gift of never appearing bored.

"And you really landed the salmon yourself, after all those hours?"

At luncheon she queened it superbly, in her element, with three lean, bronzed and pukka sahibs, who laughed and chaffed like subalterns. The two friends went away, highly intrigued.

"Old Ellerton, caught at last?"

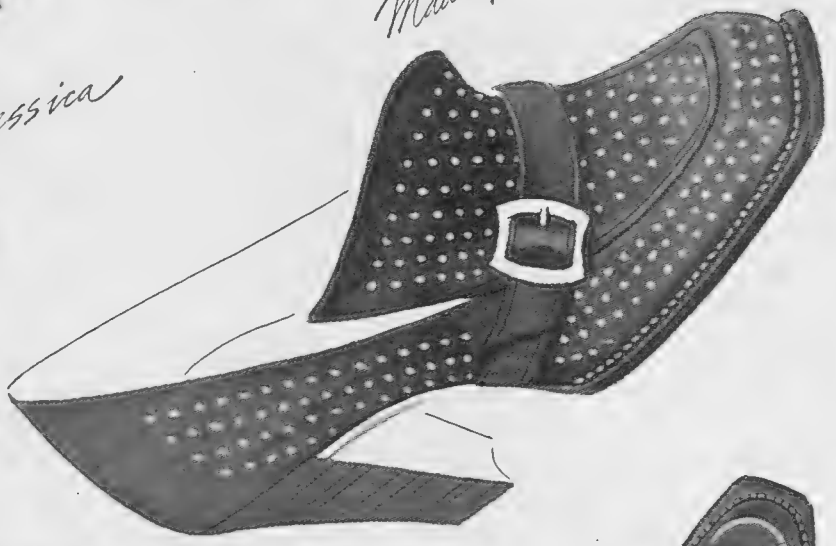
"And I'm not surprised. I'd make a pass myself, if I had half a chance. . . ."

But Ellerton, (*Continued on page* 66)

Melody

Jessica

Madrigal



Just close your eyes

—and wish they were all yours? No . . . no, that's entirely *your* idea. We were going to say:

Close your eyes and *feel* . . . feel the soft cling of supple unlined leather, the lightfooted ease of a feather welt, feel a luxury of leathercraft that is wholly Country Club. *Now* look at the styles, and think 'Spring'.

Janetta

Clarks COUNTRY CLUB

The Shoes with a Sense of Occasion

Longleat

Melody. Black, Hawthorn Red, Brown or Blue. **72/6.** *Jessica.* Black, Sherry Tan, Parchment, Blue, White/Blue. **67/6.** *Madrigal.* Black, Sherry Tan, Hawthorn Red. **72/6.** *Janetta.* Hawthorn Red, Blue, Cognac Brown. **67/6.** *Longleat.* Turftan, Black, Blue. **67/6.** All with Leather Soles.

Nearest shop? Write Clarks Dept. A.2, Street, Somerset — and ask for a style leaflet.

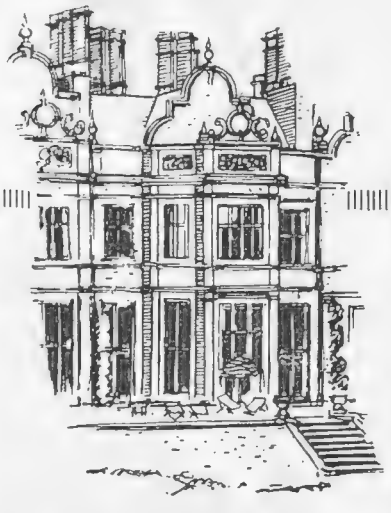
A MESSAGE for MOTHER

When your child refuses good food at mealtimes, looks pale and listless—these are often signs the youngster is constipated. When you notice them, act at once, Mother!

To bring back your child's eager appetite and high spirits 'California Syrup of Figs' is Mother's natural choice. This laxative, which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action—besides, children really love its pleasant taste.

'California Syrup of Figs' will soon regulate the youngster's system and back will come those high spirits and eager appetite.

Make sure your child is regular, healthy and happy—buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' today (or you can ask for 'Califig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.



WELCOMBE

HOTEL

STRATFORD - UPON - AVON

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Shakespeare's genius immortalised not only his memory but the Countryside he knew so well in leafy Warwickshire, especially the beautiful grounds of the Welcombe Hotel, which were once part of his estate.

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HOTELS EXECUTIVE · LONDON N.W.1

refusing to admit anything, felt the prick of the hook, and he was forced into action.

"I'm afraid I must be making tracks for home," he said that night, after dinner, as they sat on the terrace with their coffee.

"I was just going to say the same to you, Colonel. A woman's work is never done. All one can do is to cheat time and duty for a few days. It has been so lovely, so very lovely."

And she looked across at Ellerton, with a weary smile. There was a hint of tears in her eyes.

NATURALLY the Colonel had to do the right thing.

"As we both have to go, Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve, may I be allowed to hope that you will travel in my car?"

"That was more than I had hoped for," she said, laying her hand on his, for an instant. "You are a wonderful friend."

In this way they arrived at hotels by car, together. She stood by, deliciously feminine and helpless, while Ellerton struggled in French to order rooms :

"Deux chambres. Comprenez? Deux."

But, in spite of the accentuated *deux*, the bill was indivisible, and it was presented invariably to the Colonel.

"L'addition, M'sieu. . . ."

Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve made a faint, initial protest, and then remained silent. Currency was running short.

"Deuced awkward," thought the Colonel, but he had never, in his life, let a woman pay. So he remained the perfect knight, without a sign of rebellion. He helped Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve with her luggage. He placed cushions for her in the car, and was perpetually solicitous for her comfort. But he was finding her a trifle, just a trifle cloying, and, as they drew near to Boulogne, he faced up to his position explicitly for the first time.

AS the car was being swung on board the ferry boat, Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve turned to Colonel Ellerton, asking softly :

"How many miles is it that we have travelled together? I shall always love that faithful car, Colonel."

"Not too bad, does thirty to the gallon," he said, avoiding sentiment.

On the boat Ellerton found her a comfortable place, and he placed a rug over her knees. They were in a snug corner, alone.

It was then that she said : "Wilfred, would you mind putting my passport in with yours?"

"It's a valuable document, you know."

"That's why it will be safer with you, Wilfred."

His Christian name twice. That bit deep, but Ellerton put the two passports together in his own folder.

At Folkestone Ellerton was supremely

himself, attentive, observant, the very pink of chivalry. He helped Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve at every turn.

The car was hoisted ashore. The passengers were gathered on the quay. The time had come for the ordeal of customs. Ellerton declared brandy and cigars. The widow blushingly gave away certain silken secrets. . . .

When passports were demanded, Colonel Ellerton produced his own.

Then the official turned politely towards Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve.

"The Colonel has mine," she said, smiling.

"My dear lady, would that I had," replied the gallant soldier.

She laughed gaily, showing her sense of humour. "Men do so love their little jokes. But we must not waste time. Come, Wilfred."

"I live to serve you, or any of your charming sex," said Ellerton. "But, alas, I have not got your passport."

Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve was now near to hysterics. "I gave it to you on board. You know I did."

"No. No. It cuts me to contradict a lady. You spoke of your passport, and I reminded you that it was a valuable document. So you kept it."

AS the Immigration Officer called upon higher authorities the fur began to fly, and the tears to flow.

Mrs. Willoughby Cleeve fell upon the Colonel, with a crescendo of abuse, and unsupported accusations.

"I tell you, he did have my passport. I gave it to him. And everybody saw."

Passengers and crew were questioned, to no purpose. The ship was combed from stem to stern. The car was stripped. Tempers were frayed. The lady stamped and shrieked, mentioning all her titled friends, and the vengeance they would heap upon the officials, and, above all, upon the Colonel. At last she was left, almost alone, upon the quay, surrounded by all her cases, which had been opened and scattered in the frenzy of search. Ellerton, on the other hand, was allowed to depart, his word vindicated, his formalities completed.

"I would gladly remain," he insisted, bowing to the maddened widow. "But I have an urgent appointment. I will, of course, use any influence that I may have in high quarters."

As he drew nearer home he remembered, as in a dream, a slight, unobtrusive splash. . . .

The gallant soldier shrugged his shoulders.

At that stage, he thought, Napoleon was right. *Sauve qui peut.* . . .

He had escaped again.

END

Centuries of Flowers

(*Continued from page* 31)

pictures to decorate their newly built houses and cheer the long, dark winter nights when candle and lamplight were the only illumination.

They were the *nouveaux riches*, whose tastes were uncultivated by past tradition, but they were sincere flower lovers and their gardens were famous. What, then, could remind them more of summer than paintings of bunches of flowers from their own gardens?

The seventeenth-century Dutch flower painting, with dewdrops, butterflies, and delicate insects minutely detailed amongst the foliage, are as popular to-day as they were 300 years ago. Van Huysum, an unassuming but splendid craftsman, would probably be astonished to know that the flower studies he painted for his rich bourgeois patrons are treasured as masterpieces to-day.

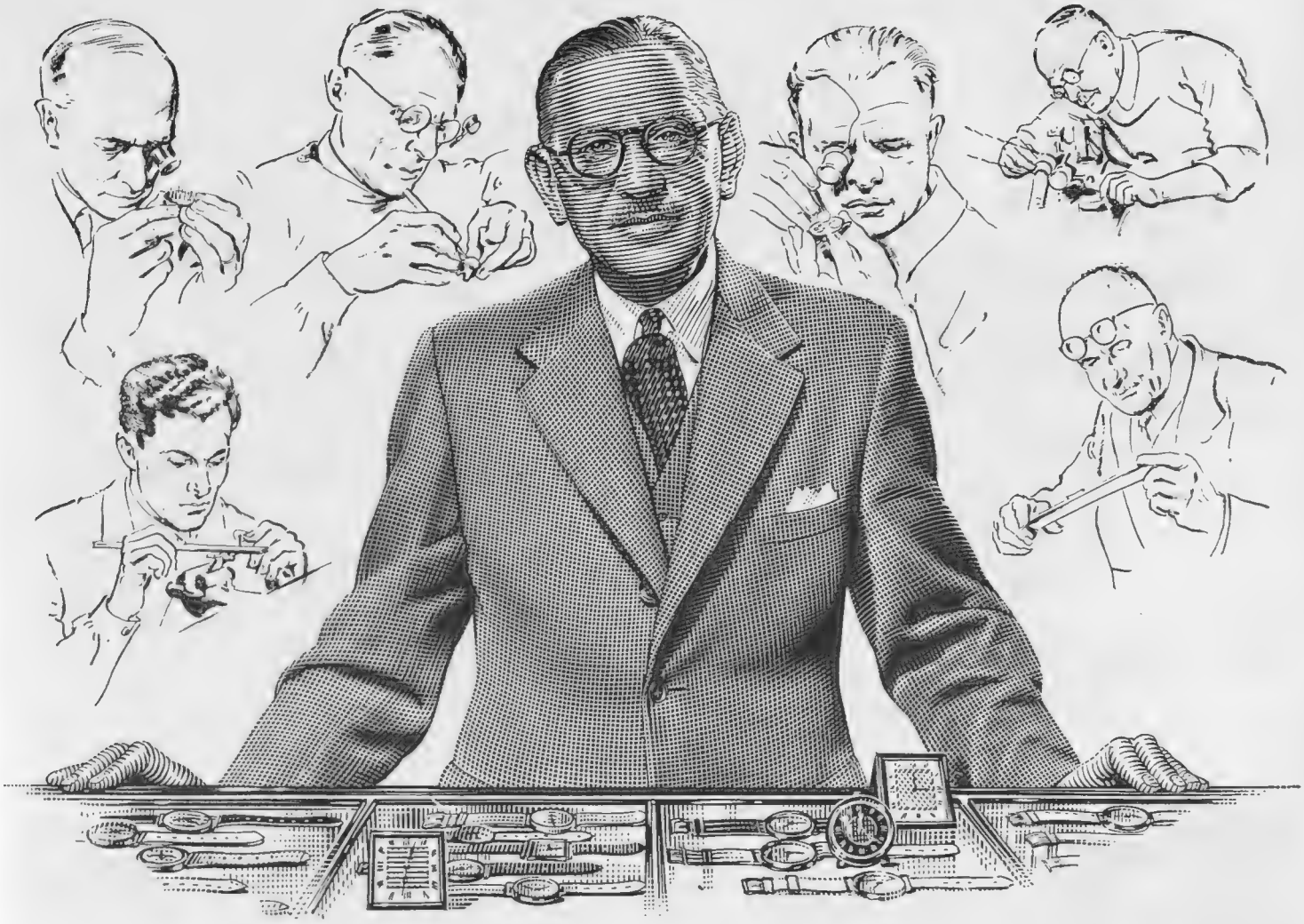
IN the eighteenth century, French painters had their own characteristic way with flowers and the ladies of the Court of Versailles found that a tasteful use of blossoms made their portraits even more alluring. With the French Revolution, flowers inevitably suffered a decline in popularity, as being too frivolous a subject for the times.

But by the second half of the last century, flowers again returned to favour and nearly every great painter was portraying them. Fantin-Latour, Monet, Gauguin and van Gogh are among the best, and van Gogh's paintings of sunflowers are known almost the world over. They are very different in feeling and differently painted from his fellow countryman's studies of three centuries earlier, but there is a passionate love of nature common to them all.

With the present popularity of flower pieces, many of the finest modern artists have turned their attention to flower painting. Though their aims and interpretation differ widely from the old Dutch masterpieces, modern flower paintings supply much the same demand as of old, for pictures that will bring colour and beauty from the garden into the house.

END

TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS



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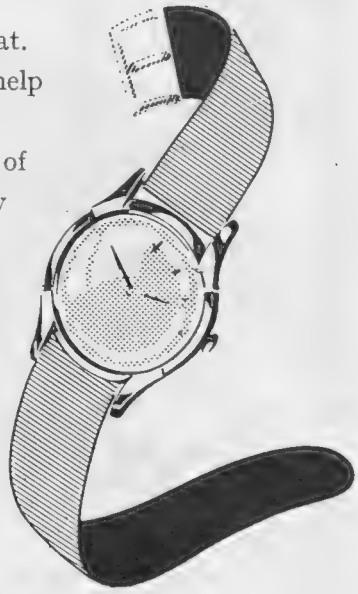
Choose a good Swiss watch at your jeweller's and have 50,000 experts at your service.



Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

Horrockses Fashions

in Fine Cotton

Versatile Potato

(*Continued from page* 61)

juice until the mixture is completely absorbed. Use two tablespoonfuls of olive-oil to one of vinegar, and add salad-cream, if you like it, when the potatoes are quite cold. Put them on a bed of crisp lettuce and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Finally, do you know that when you start with grated raw potato, you achieve an absolutely different flavour? Here's what the Viennese do with it, as Kartoffelkuche, which means potato cake. This is a savoury cake which can be eaten hot or cold. If the latter, you slice it thinly like bread, butter it, and serve it with tea or coffee.

You need about two lb. of potatoes, one medium-sized onion, two oz. of margarine or dripping, one egg, a tablespoonful of flour. Grate the potatoes, and don't worry if they turn a reddy-brown during the grating. Grate the onion, too, and mix it into the potato. Put the grated mixture into a sieve and drain off the liquid, for it makes a lot of water. Put the drained potato and onion into a mixing bowl and add the shredded margarine or melted dripping, the beaten egg, the tablespoonful of flour, and rather a lot of salt. Use rather more salt than you expect to: a piece about the size of an egg is not too much. Mix well with a wooden spoon, put into a greased pudding dish or cake tin and bake in a moderate oven till the top is a darkish brown. This will take about forty minutes. If you want to serve it as a savoury after dinner, top each hot slice with a sliver of crisp fried bacon or a hot Vienna sausage.

I can't resist the temptation to tell you that you can fry the same mixture by spoonfuls in hot deep fat. Serve them hot. And leave the vitamins to look after themselves—they will.

END

Could We Employ A Decorator?

(*Continued from page* 33)

the extent of the work to be carried out. But it can be assumed that where the job is of any size or importance, and where local contractors are submitting estimates, a competitive decorator can, and has often been known to give a lower estimate and better workmanship for the money.

In provincial towns, the decorator will probably either be the representative of a big furnishing house or the owner of the local antique shop. In both cases they have the same advantages as their opposite numbers in London. For the country householder who wants new ideas and a more exciting style of decoration, the intelligent antique-dealer-cum decorator will provide the answer.

Apart from the question of taste, the success and smoothness of a decorating job depends very much upon efficient organization and the better this is the less nerve-wracking for the customer. Many people are, very sensibly, prepared to pay a little more for the advantage of laying out a substantial sum of money with confidence that it will be well spent and incidentally, without bringing themselves to the brink of nervous collapse.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 32)

THIRTY of the once-famous are recalled, briefly, by George Le Roy in **"Music Hall Stars of the Nineties"** (British Technical & General Press, 12s. 6d.). George Lupino, we learn, could pirouette astonishingly on one small spot; 270 times on a pocket handkerchief. Bessie Bellwood, Irish-Cockney *gamine*, set about people who annoyed her. Invited to entertain a nobleman and his friends, and greeted by a disdainful flunkey, she exclaimed "Blimey! Where did they find this?" and stuck a pin into his leg "to see if he was real." Were she living now she would doubtless say: "Blimey!" at the price of this slim book, thanks to high paper costs.

ADMIRERS of Dr. Charles Hill's robust common sense will find advice on all our ills arranged alphabetically in **"The Radio Doctor's Dictionary of Health"** (Phoenix, 10s. 6d.). Dora Seton's and Winifred Parker's **"Essentials of Modern Dressmaking"** (Evans, 10s. 6d.) is a practical guide to the "professional touch in home dressmaking" with detailed diagrams.

SHALL that redoubtable hero, Hornblower, ever cease blowing? We pray not. C. S. Forester, in **"Lieutenant Hornblower"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), heads him for the West Indies in a ship with a mad captain. He more or less blows the man down a hatchway, achieves command himself, brings off a coup at St. Domingo; but, back in Portsmouth, diddled of his half-pay and making ends meet by gambling, is in turn blown down by his landlady's daughter—a not unusual fate for chivalrous sailors who are better at belaying than laying off. Another fine salty yarn with the customary expert shiplore.

IF we want more salt water we can partake in the American naval war between the North and South in F. van Wyck Mason's **"Proud New Flags"** (Jarrolds, 15s.) which recounts the exploits of Lt. Sam Seymour, U.S.N.—not only at sea but in the arms of a pretty widow, a Cuban dancer and a New Orleans Creole, which makes seagoing worth while. There is enough incident in this robust 470-page romance to make even Hornblower envious.

OF all the Bible stories we probably remember most from childhood that of Moses in the bullrushes, his princely days at Pharaoh's court, and his leading the oppressed Israelites from bondage. Sholem Asch novelizes it, with prodigious scholarship and industry, in **"Moses"** (Macdonald, 15s.), treating a noble theme reverently, and the background with primary colouring, in nearly 500 pages. There is something of Rembrandt in his Scriptural portraiture, and of Brangwyn in his eastern scene.

ANOTHER novelist in the grand manner, who has been likened to Manzoni, is Riccardo Bacchelli. **"The Mill on the Po"** (Hutchinson, 15s.), translated by Frances Frenaye, portrays a water-miller's family at a turbulent time when the river boundaried Austria and the Papal States, which were disintegrating after the Congress of Vienna. This family is swept by war, revolution, smuggling, banditry, floods, famine, and the story is of its survival under every kind of temptation and ordeal. A notable 590-page work by an author who believes that "not even a novel can have a life of its own without some poetical idea behind it."

ETHEL MANNIN'S **"The Fields at Evening"** (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) is about people of the land—three generations of the Rivers family, from 1880 to 1946. John gave up shopkeeping to farm in Surrey. His querulous wife, of a shopkeeping family, wants their son Albert to shopkeep instead of farm, and for a time he works in London. But the call of the land is too strong for him, and for his son Joss in turn, who introduces mechanized, organic farming. An interesting study of character (*Continued on page* 70)

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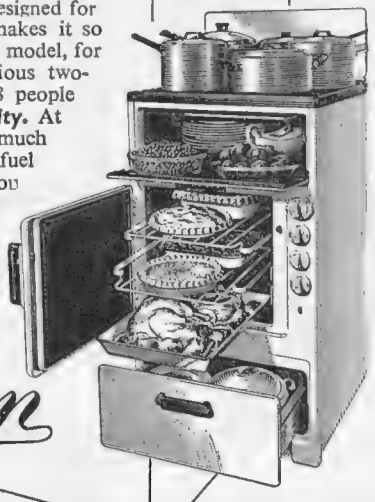

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in relation to soil, though Miss Mannin's farming knowledge is from the crop downwards rather than from the root upwards—observed, not inborn.

WINIFRED PECK has a light touch on the social conflicts of individuals. Given an old-fashioned girls' boarding-school, proud of its traditions, and on the board an Old Girl, a Socialist woman doctor, who wants to change and modernize it, there will be conflict of the kind Lady Peck can treat with sympathy and humour. **"Winding Ways"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) balances the old and new fairly evenly, pending the settlement of the problem in a Speech Day climax.

A WOMAN of forty, remarried, rents a Regency house in Dorset and discovers it was the home of the young naval officer she married secretly in Melbourne, who was afterwards lost at sea. She sets out to learn all she can about the family, also about the present owner, who married the officer's sister. There is a mystery about her recent death, and about her secretary's death in a car crash over a cliff while driving with him. Mystery, in fact, piles up in Josephine Bell's **"To Let. Furnished"** (Methuen, 14s.), and the ultimate disclosure is ingenious. I found it an unusual story, intelligently written.

AUSTRALIA is developing some good novelists who find their themes on home soil. Eric Lowe's **"O Willing Hearts"** (Angus & Robertson, 12s. 6d.), a story of pioneering families in western New South Wales from 1830 onwards, shows a resolute widow determined to stick to her properties and fulfil the work her settler-husband began. Both characters and background will be refreshingly new to most English readers.

FICTION

"All Souls," by Ruth Tomalin (Faber, 12s. 6d.). **"The Web,"** by Sydney Horler (Alvin Redman, 9s. 6d.). **"The Richest Man,"** by May Edginton (Macdonald, 10s. 6d.). **"The Inescapable Wilderness,"** by Kenneth Austin Dobson (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.). **"Little Men Big World,"** by W. R. Burnett (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.). **"Leaves for the Burning,"** by Mervyn Wall (Methuen, 10s. 6d.).

CHILDREN

"On Cobblers' Green," by H. Waddingham Seers (Harrap, 4s. 6d.). **"Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter,"** edited by Jean Sutcliffe (Publicity Products, 5s.). **"Every Day of the Week,"** edited by Jean Sutcliffe (Publicity Products, 5s.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"The Beginnings of English Society," by Dorothy Whitelock (Pelican, 2s. 6d.).

END

Women Without Men

(*Continued from page* 13)

Parent-Teacher Associations and activity in local politics.

In West Berlin there was good response. This is the most authentically democratic community in Germany, and no less than sixty-three per cent of the ballots at the last municipal elections were cast by females. But only in one or two other areas, in the south, could German women be roused into joining groups. By and large, their interest in decoy subjects soon wanes. They want men.

The newspapers are deluged with letters from lonely women. A typical letter will open as follows: "I'm a woman of good family, thirty-five, husband killed in the war. I have few friends in this city and should like to meet. . . ." Upon which, the German version of Editorial Auntie advises: "It is not necessary, indeed is impossible, that every woman should consider a husband her only means of security and happiness. You must broaden your activities and develop other interests."

Yet one interest continues to over-ride all the others. There can be statistics which carry proof undeniable. Even under the Nazis' loose moral code, only five per cent of all babies were born out of wedlock. Just now the percentage so born is nine.

Small ads and matrimonial agencies of a kind do record business. Housekeeping jobs with bachelors or men living on their own, go like hot cakes. Nothing absorbs the supply of women.

Of course the man-famine is having the effect of drawing German women into business and industrial life. They are freely taken on as clerks and ticket-collectors, in postal and rail services. It is common to find German women in slacks, working as bricklayers, carpenters, bakers and builders. Fathers take daughters into businesses in replacement of lost sons, teaching them mechanics, trades and salesmanship.

Nevertheless, and despite the application of which they are capable, young German women hardly run after jobs in the great big world with the same resolve to earn a livelihood with or without a husband, that obtains in neighbouring countries. The explanation? Students of the case point to a long tradition of inferiority. They say that the Kaiser's famous "three K's"—*Kinder, Kuechen, Kirche* (children, cooking, church)—bred a docility and submissiveness not to be erased in a generation.

I would say Adolf was more responsible for the present "man hunger," by educating the Hitler Maidens to concentrate on mothering tough Nazi babies and solacing the tired warrior. That sort of thing did make for dependence on the male, with consequent more keenly felt loneliness when he runs scarce.

The maidens who felt the full impact of the Führer before the war are to-day for the most part between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five—the very age group chiefly supplying the problem of menless women.

No wonder Germans have begun to ask themselves if the most serious contender for frustrated fräuleins may not be a resurgent Nazism under some magnetic male—perhaps like General Remer who won his first notable victory in Lower Saxony, where the woman voter is in a majority. No wonder the younger German politicians are thinking in terms of the women's vote. Are not three-fifths of all potential German voters—women?

THE Communists have been alive to this for a long while and are doing best with frustrated fräuleins so far. They take good care to make it known throughout Germany that forty per cent of all Government posts in East Germany are reserved for women. They find the "Peace Campaign" a great bait in West Germany. Although nearly all its women are profoundly anti-Communist, many are swayed by the delusive slogan. So much so, that only thirty-six per cent of women in Western Germany voted for German men bearing arms again, against a vote of fifty-nine per cent by the men.

"We need husbands not soldiers," declared the love-starved ones with that fidelity to logical reasoning which is the prerogative of their sex.

"I do want a husband," echoes plaintively at the close of another of those letters to *Ihre Freundin*. The rest is worth reproducing too: "I'm going back to the East Zone. I hate it, but I don't have to listen to what they say. The Communists have youth clubs and camps, hiking and picnics, and that's how you meet men." For this letter takes us over to Russia where there may be anything up to fourteen million women without men.

No one knows—not even the Soviet census collectors. The last time they knew was in 1939 when there were eight million excess women. Thirteen years can pile up the excess figure by millions when the period witnessed a war, and purges and deportations, like the Soviet Union's, all three falling overwhelmingly on males.

The number of potential spinsters increased from four to eight million during the preceding thirteen years (1926-39), when there was no war, so the estimate of fourteen million Soviet women without men is well on the conservative side. The sober *United Nations World* goes so far as to write that the U.S.S.R. is bound towards a matriarchy. If so, the women will have got there by conducting themselves more docilely than the male. Wars apart, this is a continuing aspect testified by the number of women in the forced-labour camps—never more than five to ten per cent among millions of Russian nationals besides foreigners.

SOVIET women without men do not become a problem like their German counterparts. They, too, have seen their home life, or prospect of it, wrenched away. The late war is said to have taken seven million Russian lives. Yet the Soviet's widows and spinsters are worked too hard to allow of them becoming a problem. Even "Party girls," so high in the hierarchy, have to get down to productive work. They can have their fun, but only on the sidelines.

Communism does not frown on promiscuity. On the assumption that it promotes content in the worker, *i.e.*, a steady output, and costs nothing, it smiles on it. Stalin is far more down on divorce than on free love even when this leads to pregnancies. The first divorce now costs one to four months' pay.

Russian Communism prefers to get its raw baby material in wedlock; it likes to see the sexes safely tied up in marriage and taxes bachelors and spinsters by way of persuasion; yet it is far from averse to receiving infant recruits at the State *crèches*, as the fruits of excess womanhood. They need not be left at the door.

Still that doesn't solve things—at any rate not from the lonely German girl's standpoint. She wants a man, somebody to lean on, and as a rule a child to keep, not to hand over to a factory. How does the surplus Soviet woman measure up to such requirements? She doesn't. She works, and either looks on Stalin as a godhead or murmurs "*nitchevo*." A fatalistic acceptance. "It doesn't really matter in the end." By all means let us have "*nitchevo*" again. It was the first word most of us learnt in Russia, and is ever so much pleasanter on the ear than its supplanter "*niet*."

STALIN made an understatement when he said: "Women in the U.S.S.R. are a great force." The hard truth is that without women workers the Soviet economy, especially in its present expansionist striving, would creak and groan to a breakdown. Article 122 of the Stalin Constitution triumphantly proclaims that women have "equal rights with men in all spheres of economic, public, cultural, social and political life." That was to jolly them along, get them in the mood for—work, not love. And none more so than the women without men, who have no household duties to prevent them doing a full day's stint.

Like all others, they have to go where they're ordered, and stay there until they're told to move. Few in the urban centres have any hope of a room to themselves. They just "muck along" for the most part in human warrens which at least have the virtue of defeating loneliness for some people. Soviet women must be related by layers and I am presenting the common-or-garden unmarried woman worker under forty.

Far be it from me to paint all Soviet women at work as unwilling "units" who can only mutter "*nitchevo*". Quite obviously, any number of them are getting a huge kick out of their work—and why shouldn't they, if they reckon (*Continued on page* 72)

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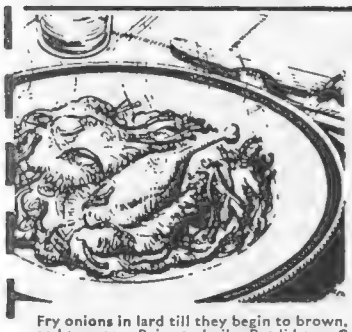

Chicken Paprika

By M. LOUIS RODESINO

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One 3 lb. Chicken (cut in 8 pieces)	½ pint milk
6 oz. chopped onion	½ pint cream
1 dessertspoon Paprika	1 tablespoon flour
1 dessertspoon tomato puree or ½ lb. fresh tomatoes	1 cupful water
	2 oz. lard
	Salt

Fry onions in lard till they begin to brown. Stir in paprika; add water, salt, chicken and tomato. Bring to boil. Put lid on. **Set PINGER to 30 minutes.** Add a little water during cooking if necessary. When bell rings mix well the milk, cream and flour and pour into saucepan. Stir, bringing to boil and simmer a few minutes. Add salt if required and serve with rice, spaghetti or boiled potatoes.
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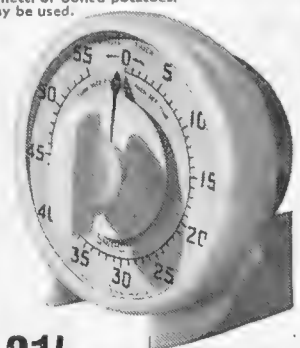

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they're working for a godhead *and* building a future matriarchy (though I hardly think many of them have got round to that).

Almost half of all professional people are female. Half the doctors are women, more than half the schoolteachers, and over one-third of government bureaucrats. Over half the collective farmers and two out of every five workers are women. Soviet industry is feminizing fast also with two females out of every five workers tending the machines.

Women work at almost everything except coalmining and navvies' heavier jobs; that is the easiest way to put it. They are in the Army, too, and not only as auxiliaries. Russian girls receive military training at school and after. By the time they are through with their books, they can shoot with rifle and machine-gun as well as march long distances.

THE warlike temperament with which Soviet women are imbued could contribute sensibly to the advent of that matriarchy. Our children (I hardly think ourselves) might in that case see just what truth there is in the oft-repeated assertion that, if women ruled the world, there would be no more war.

Soviet amazons might turn out to be the most bloodthirsty warriors of modern times, with battalions of surplus women acting as vanguards.

To return to more immediate matters: granting women equal work and equal pay with men puts Russian Communism ahead of a whole string of countries in the United Nations; but only on paper. It is far more an awkward necessity for the present-day Soviet Government than an advanced piece of emancipation.

Maybe it is just a stroke of luck that, among other things, the equality operates to soothe Russia's women without men. On the other hand there can be no doubt about Stalin's all-out mobilization of husbands. This wasn't done to get more babies, but is, in part at least, by way of being a deliberate anticipatory placating of the ever-swelling aggregate of women without men.

Perhaps "placating" is not the right word. There is no sign whatever of Russian women carrying such hunger as they may have for men the length of voting for some magnetic male outside the Kremlin. They couldn't if they wanted to, which they evidently do not—at this stage. That kind of action is more likely from the man-starved "fräuleins."

Women Without Men

A first move for a Woman's Party made in the Ruhr fell flat. Of a different kind, yet bearing on this story, was the assembly of eight hundred former women members of Germany's wartime navy, army and air force auxiliary services. This was held at Cassel, the invitation stipulating: "No husband or children by request."

For a truer indication of how German women could react—by a majority vote for the flashy, dictatorial type—we might look to Argentina. There President Peron was elected to a second term by the women's vote. The males of Buenos Aires gave forty thousand more votes to his opponent. The females gave 251,000 more votes for Peron than they did for Balbin.

This is the first known time that a régime has been decided by women in the mass. It is permissible to wonder if the new Elizabethan Age will have more accent on the feminine in world affairs than had its very masculine forerunner of the sixteenth century. For one thing, there are many more "menless women" here now, than there were then.

END

The Baron And The Ballerina

(*Continued from page 12*)

almost as brothers, and here under my own roof you betray me! You drag the virtue of my wife in the dust."

"I haven't done anything which you haven't done many times before," said his wife, "with your opera singers and ballet dancers. How do you think I felt as I lay upstairs waiting for you night after night, well knowing you were lying in the arms of some scented actress?"

"Men are different," said Baron Vierzon loftily, and he turned on Paul angrily, "You will hear from my seconds in the morning," he said, "I will not detain you further."

PAUL crossed to the Baron and laid his hand on his shoulder. "My dear friend, there is no cause for us to fight."

"Paul—don't say it, I can't bear it," said the Baron's wife.

"My dear friend," said Paul again, "there is not the slightest reason for us to fight. Your wife and I are parting, parting for good."

"No, no!" Marie José flung herself on a sofa in a passion of sobbing. "We cannot part, after two years, like this."

"Two years," roared Baron Vierzon, "this is worse than I had thought! What infamy! Two years, my wife and my best friend! What a fund of treachery there is in human nature! How the best of people will betray one another, and destroy the things which were once so beautiful. I let you come and go as you pleased. But I never imagined. . . ."

"My old friend, my dear friend," said Paul, "if you leave a beautiful woman alone and neglected the answer is obvious."

"You have the audacity to stand there and defend yourself?"

"Why not?" said Paul, "I am not married. I am free. It was the natural result—because I felt sorry for her. In fact, for a while, I almost loved her."

THIS confession was interrupted by an outburst of fresh sobbing from Marie José.

"I shall defend my honour," said the Baron, "the day after to-morrow at dawn."

"But I am leaving your wife!"

"That is an insult in itself," said the Baron.

"What is the use of fighting? I promise never to see her again, and I am getting married in two weeks. I shall be faithful to my wife, I shall never leave her. You have nothing to fear from me. The incident is over."

"We shall fight," said the Baron in a firm tone. Paul tried to dissuade him, but it was of no avail. He kept repeating that he would send his seconds in the morning.

"What is your choice of weapons?" asked the Baron Vierzon.

"Pistols," said Paul.

"Very well, then pistols," said the Baron.

"You are making a terrible mistake," said Paul. "What is the use in us killing one another? My fiancée will be desolated if I am killed, and so, if you will forgive me mentioning it, will your wife. She will always treasure a tender memory of me which will probably put an end to your marriage for good."

"It is at an end," sobbed Marie José.

"But if you let me live, she will only think of me as a cad, and you can settle down comfortably together and have several more children. I am on the side of virtue, I have repented of my ways. I am going to be a faithful father and husband. I shall settle down in the country and breed children. You don't want to be the murderer of my unborn children, do you?"

"I am not in the least interested in your unborn children. It is better that a race like yours be wiped out in one clean shot, rather than that it should live on to bring other families down into disgrace and ruin."

"And then on the other hand," continued Paul, "if I kill *you*, which I shall obviously try to do, your wife will detest me as having robbed her son of a loving father. We should never be happy together. Besides, my fiancée would not like me to marry your wife."

"You are infamous," said the Baron, "and a coward into the bargain! When I see you before me pleading for your miserable carcase——"

"You forget I am pleading for yours, too. You must not take it for granted that *I* shall be the one to be killed."

But the Baron was adamant. Paul de St. Pierre said a tender farewell to him. He had tears in his eyes because he was heartbroken that a friendship like theirs should have ended in such a manner. He held out his hand, but the Baron merely glared at him and refused to take it.

Paul bent over Marie José, who still sobbed on the sofa, and kissed the back of her bended head, but she did not even turn her eyes towards him for the last time. He left the house and went out into the street. He was extremely upset; after all the Baron—and his wife—had both been good friends to him.

TWO days later, as the grey dawn was breaking over the Bois de Boulogne, a group of top hatted men were making their way over the dew drenched grass. It was the Baron Vierzon and his seconds.

They reached a group of trees and here they stopped. This was the rendezvous. They waited. And they waited. The mist lifted. The doctor arrived. He laid out his case of instruments, and very sinister they looked gleaming in the grey light.

"The coward has refused the rendezvous!" muttered the Baron.

But just as the little party was giving up hope, they heard the sound of hoof beats on the road, and a carriage came into view, drew level with them, and stopped.

Paul jumped out and made his way across the grass followed immediately by his seconds.

"I'm sorry I'm late," he said, "I was saying good-bye to my fiancée."

He looked extremely white and drawn. Gone was the debonair young man of two nights ago. His hand trembled. He gave a nervous glance at the case of medical instruments lying on a cloak on the ground. His eyes strayed to the boxes of pistols.

"You are still resolved to fight?" asked one of the seconds.

The two men nodded grimly. They did not look at one another. But they each shivered a little in the damp October air. It was not a pleasant morning to die. The trees dripped a little from last night's rain, and the soaking grass underfoot added to the depression of the grim morning's work.

The weapons were presented. The seconds paced out the distance. The men turned; two shots rang out. The Baron Vierzon staggered and fell. Paul was hit in the hand, and his pistol fell from it.

But, as he saw the Baron fall, he rushed across to him, followed by the doctor, who at once ripped open the Baron's clothes. He was wounded, but so slightly that it was little more than a cut. The bullet had grazed his chest, and then passed out harmlessly, making a hole in his jacket.

He had fallen more from shock than from his injury. Paul's wound in the hand was no more serious, and was soon bandaged up. When talking of death both men had forgotten what extremely poor shots they were.

"I trust honour is satisfied?" asked one of the seconds.

"I insist on a second shot," said the Baron.

"But this is most irregular—your opponent is wounded."

"I insist."

As he said this, there came across the misty park the sound of two carriages travelling rapidly round the curve in the road. The group of men turned and watched. The carriages were travelling as rapidly as the horses could carry them, but in opposite directions. The watchers guessed what would happen but they remained rooted to the spot, unable to cry out (*Continued on page 74*)

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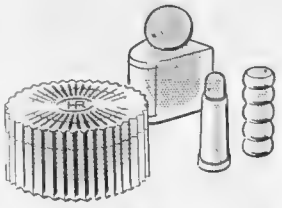

Helena Rubinstein

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or to move. The drivers tried to rein in their horses at the final moment, but nevertheless the two vehicles met in a headlong collision. Horses were thrown down, there were cries of feminine alarm, and the coachmen fell from their boxes.

A split second later all the men, antagonists and supporters, ran rapidly across the grass to the scene of the accident.

FROM the overturned carriages two ladies were helped out. One was the Baron's wife, white faced and shaken, and the other, pale and trembling, was Suzette.

The Baron was overcome. So Suzette had loved him after all! Now he knew that he had not been wrong. She had repented. He helped her gently down on to the road. For an instant she was in his arms, as she had so often been before. She looked up at him with her great amber eyes, which he loved so much. She was muffled in the furs which he had bought her—was it only two weeks ago? It seemed an eternity since he had seen her.

"Suzette," he murmured low into her ear, "you cared after all. I knew that you did."

His wife was in the arms of Paul. It was as it should be, life would go on as before.

The ladies were helped on to the grass, and rugs were laid out for them. They were given brandy from silver flasks and after a few seconds they had recovered themselves.

Fortunately no great damage was done. One of the horses was badly injured and speedily dispatched with a shot. But the coachmen were quite uninjured except for a few bruises.

"You must not fight," said Suzette. Obviously in her agitation she had not remarked the state of the two antagonists. "It is unnecessary."

"Of course it is," said Marie José.

"Who the devil are you?" said Suzette rudely.

"I happen to be the Baroness Vierzon. But I am quite aware who *you* are." The Baron's wife gave the ballet dancer a scornful look, reserved for ballet dancers by great ladies.

"You needn't worry about me," said Suzette in a kindly voice.

"What makes you think that I do?" said Baroness Vierzon.

Paul broke in. "Please—all this is most irregular. I implore you!" He turned to the Baroness. "Marie José, I know you came here because you were worried about my safety but I assure you——"

"You are quite wrong about that," said Marie José. "I came here to implore my husband not to fight, and to forgive me."

THE Baron smiled. It was not often that a man had two women so anxious for his safety that they were willing to risk their necks to save him. He looked somewhat smugly at Paul, and then with great passion at Suzette who sat demurely on the grass adjusting her bonnet strings.

For an instant she returned his gaze. Then she spoke.

"Why do you imagine I am here?" she asked.

"For the same reason as my wife," said the Baron, "you were concerned for the man you love."

"You are quite right," said Suzette, and she rose from the grass, her yellow crinoline swaying a little, revealing those delicious ankles which the Baron adored. Then she did a surprising thing. She went over to Paul and put her little gloved hand into his.

"I was terribly concerned for my fiancé!"

"Your fiancé!"

"We are to be married next week."

"This is infamous!" cried the Baron.

But the Baroness also did a surprising thing. She went up to Suzette and kissed her on the cheek.

"I congratulate you," she said, "you have shown surprisingly good taste. And if you err at all, it is on the side of virtue."

Paul and Suzette walked off together across the grass leaving the Baron and his wife together. Marie José looked at her husband. They stood there together surrounded by the seconds, with the wreck of two carriages in front of them. The dead horse lay on the road. The Baron's jacket hung down in ribbons where the doctor had cut it away, and he was stained with mud where he had fallen.

"Don't you think," she said with a note of infinite tenderness in her voice, "that the path of virtue would be less untidy?"

He put his hand over hers. Honour was satisfied. And after all she was a very beautiful woman. The Baron had not enjoyed the morning's work.

"A husband's place is at his wife's side," said the Baron virtuously. "I forgive you for everything. Let us give an example of ferocious virtue in the future."

And they did.

END

Ballet For Enjoyment

(*Continued from page 27*)

is often a two-edged sword—one side murders the artists and the other slaughters those innocents, the audience. So it is necessary to understand the true function of the ballet critic before taking any notice of his beliefs.

As I see it, he has three main duties to fulfil. He must first describe a particular creation so that prospective audiences can decide whether or not they would like to see it; then to give it the consideration of his experience and weigh its merits as a complete work of art. His third (and most important) duty should be almost completely disregarded by the general public. It is to compliment those members of the cast who have worked both hard and well, and to condemn those others who, through inefficiency or neglect, made the creation less entertaining than it could have been.

To achieve the utmost effect in this, he is often compelled to use technical language, and such words as *arabesque, sur les pointes, bourée, epaulment* and *entrechats* slant from their perpendicular with the apparent weight of their own importance. But French is the language of the dance and when a ballet critic tells Miss Sortova, the dancer, that she must force her *pointes*, it is just like a drama critic telling Mr. Ham, the actor, to sound his aitches.

Although I have said that this function should be overlooked by the public, I do not mean that it has nothing at all to do with them. On the contrary, it has a great deal to do with them because, by attending this duty, the critic ensures that audiences will be given the very best that their money entitles them to receive.

THERE is another factor which makes criticism a difficult and dangerous occupation. All writers like to be thought intelligent—and more than one critic alive to-day is writing in the hope that posterity will acclaim him, "that great authority of a bygone age." That is why some of our greatest writers are bad critics.

When one appreciates these facts the problem is immediately given its simple and proper perspective:

The artist must devote a great deal of time and energy to the understanding and presentation of his work; the audience must be *willing* to accept or reject the entertainment at face value, and the critic must act as intermediary between the two.

There are, however, many facts about ballet which can add interest to the entertainment, and probably help to convert the occasional ballet-goer to the confirmed ballet-lover. I have, for example, taken many people to see their first performance of *Giselle*, and one question has been asked more often than any other. "Why," my friends have quizzed, "is such a rôle as Giselle considered more difficult than others? They all look equally easy (or difficult) to me."

What they really mean is, why are so few dancers considered capable of appearing as Giselle? And I can sympathize with the confusion which must cloud their understanding if the answer is delivered in technical terms. This is the point where those critics who have fulfilled their obligations come into their own; and it is to them we must turn for an explanation, for the story of *Giselle* is quite simple.

GISELLE is a peasant girl, beloved by all, but specially by Prince Albrecht who disguises himself as a peasant in order to win her affections. Her own love is divided equally between Albrecht and her dancing. Hilarion, a jealous suitor whom she has rejected, discovers Albrecht's true identity and exposes his duplicity before his fiancée, the noble lady Bathilde. Albrecht kneels before her, and Giselle, driven to despair and madness by his action, plunges a sword into her already broken heart. Later, she is called from her suicide's grave by the Queen of the Wilis and compelled to try and make Albrecht dance until he dies. Her love prevails and she helps to protect him until the morning sun brings blessed rest to the sad sisterhood of the Wilis. They glide away to their unquiet graves, unhappy in the knowledge that night will call them out again.

According to legend, the Wilis are: ". . . . affianced maidens who have died before their wedding day; those poor young creatures cannot rest peacefully in their graves. In their hearts which have ceased to throb, in their dead feet, there remains that passion for dancing which they could not satisfy during life; and at midnight they rise up . . . and any young man who meets them . . . must dance until he drops dead."

In the search for words to answer the inquiry of my friend, I remember what was written in 1841 about the original Giselle, Carlotta Grisi, by Théophile Gautier. "Carlotta danced with a perfection, lightness, boldness and a chaste and refined seductiveness . . . as for pantomime, she exceeded all expectations . . . not one false moment; she was all nature and artlessness personified." Yet another critic wrote. "In the first act she runs, flies, bounds over the stage. . . . And yet this is nothing compared to what the second act has in store for her. There, not only must she dance again as just now, but in addition she must be a thousand times more ethereal and intangible. . . ."

The answer is suddenly revealed in the words of Cyril Beaumont, the scholarly and respected father of modern ballet criticism. It is that Giselle is to the dancer what Hamlet is to the actor—the most emotionally exhausting of all rôles in classical ballet.

TO-DAY, the youngest girl in the *corps de ballet* is expected to turn *pirouettes* and do all the things only asked of a ballerina when Carlotta danced, but the artist who attempts to portray Giselle must be equipped, not only with technique, but also with such great ability to mime that she is able to act while dancing. Perhaps it is even better to say that she must be able to dance while acting!

The sudden transition from the reality of a happy girl, through the mists of madness and self-destruction, to the fantastic sad majesty of a poor spirit, doomed forever to dance and kill, is a severe test for any ballerina. Just as one might claim that Hamlet is only given a proper reading by a man who is too old to look the part, so it may be said that the perfect Giselle would be (*Continued on page 76*)

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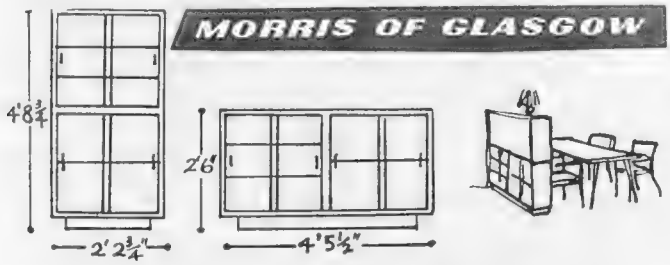

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so old and wise in both years and experience that she would no longer be able to rise upon her toes! And when consideration is given to the thousand and one emotions necessary to the *ideal* interpretation of this rôle, it is enough to have lived while Alicia Markova danced it and captured so many of its possibilities.

What does it matter if So-and-so's *arabesque* is higher than So-and-such's, or that what's-her-name can do more *pirouttes* than You-know-who? If you can leave the ballet feeling breathless, but relaxed, then you have had value for your money.

The dancers, costumes, scenery and music are only the flesh and bones of ballet—but its life-blood is the money payed for tickets and the applause given by thousands of ordinary people who don't know a *ménage* from a *manège*. Why should they feel that it is necessary to study a textbook on ballet in order to obtain full enjoyment from watching it? That is just as foolish as to suppose that a knowledge of quavers and dominant sevenths is needed before one can enjoy good singing!

And your answer to all the ballyhoo of the balletomaniacs is very simple. . . . If you enjoy what you see, applaud it—and if you don't enjoy it, push your hands firmly to the bottom of your pockets and let the offending "artist" or "entertainment" suffer the displeasure of complete silence.

END

Spring Knitting

NEAT UNDER A SUIT (*Continued from page* 48)

14th row.—K. 1, p. 35, k. 34, p. 35, k. 1.
15th row.—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1.
16th row.—K. 35, p. 1, k. 34, p. 1, k. 35.

Rep. 15th and 16th rows 4 times, then 15th row once. Rep. from ** to ** 4 times, then 8th and 9th rows once, then 8th row once.

In next row, k. 1, p. 43, cast off 18, p. 43, k. 1.

Still keeping 4 p. sts. in line of patt., continue on last 44 sts., dec. once at neck edge in every row 5 times, then in every alternate row 5 times.

Work 3 rows without shaping.

Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st row.—Cast off 8 sts., k. 18, (p. 1, k. 2) twice, p. 1, k. 1.
2nd and 4th rows.—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1.
3rd row.—Cast off 8 sts., k. 10, (p. 1, k. 2) twice, p. 1, k. 1.
5th row.—Cast off 9 sts., k. 1, (p. 1, k. 2) twice, p. 1, k. 1.
6th row.—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1. Cast off.

Join in wool at neck edge and working across remaining 44 sts. k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 5, (p. 1, k. 2) 3 times, p. 1, k. 26.

Continue on these sts., keeping p. sts. in line of patt., dec. at neck edge in every row 4 times, then in every alternate row 5 times.

Work 2 rows without shaping.

Shape for shoulder as follows:

1st and 3rd rows.—Cast off 8 sts., p. to last st., k. 1.
2nd and 4th rows.—K. 1, (p. 1, k. 2) twice, p. 1, k. to end.
5th row.—Cast off 9 sts., p. to end.
6th row.—K. 1, (p. 1, k. 2) twice, p. 1, k. 1. Cast off.

SLEEVES

Using both No. 10 needles, cast on 88 sts.
1st row.—K. to end.
2nd row.—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows 7 times.

17th row.—Using a spare needle, pick up 88 cast-on sts., fold to back of work and k. tog. 1 st. from each needle, thus forming a hem.
18th row.—K. to end.
19th row.—K. 1, k. 2 tog., k. to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1.
20th row.—K. 1, p. to last st., k. 1.
21st row.—K. to end.

Continue in plain smooth fabric, dec. once at each end of needle in the 4th and following 6th row (82 sts.).

In next row k. 1, p. to last st., k. 1. Rep. this row once to reverse the work.

Continue in alternate rows of plain and p., inc. once at each end of every following 6th row until there are 96 sts. on the needle. Work without shaping until work measures 8 ins. from commencement, ending with a p. row. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 80 sts. remain**.

Work 2 rows without shaping.

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of each of next 2 rows. ** ; rep. from ** to ** twice.

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of next 10 rows.
Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows.
1st row.—K. to last 4 sts., turn.
2nd row.—P. to last 4 sts., turn.
3rd row.—K. to last 8 sts., turn.
4th row.—P. to last 8 sts., turn.
5th row.—K. to last 12 sts., turn.
6th row.—P. to last 12 sts., turn.
7th row.—K. to end. Cast off.

COLLAR (first half)

Using both No. 12 needles, cast on 66 sts.
1st row.—K. to end.
2nd row.—K. 2, p. to last st., k. 1.

Rep. these two rows 7 times.

In next row, using a spare needle, pick up the 66 cast-on sts., fold to back of work and k. tog. 1 st. from each needle to form a hem.
2nd row.—K. to end.
3rd row.—K. to end.
4th row.—K. 2, p. to last 21 sts., turn.
5th and alternate rows.—K. to end.
6th row.—K. 2, p. to last 19 sts., turn.
8th row.—K. 2, p. to last 17 sts., turn.
9th row.—K. to end.

Continue working 2 sts. more in every alternate row until 7 sts. are left unworked, ending with a k. row.

In next row k. 2, (p. 4, p. 2 tog., p. 2) 7 times, p. 3, turn.

2nd row.—K. to last 4 sts., w.fd., k.2 tog., k. 2.

Continue working 2 sts. more on every alternate row until all sts. are back on one needle. Cast off.

Second Half.—Using both No. 12 needles, cast on 66 sts.

Work as given for first half of collar, (working the 2 k. sts. at the end of the p. row instead of the beg.) until hem has been formed.

1st row.—K. to end.
2nd row.—K. to last 21 sts., turn.
3rd row.—P. to last 2 sts., k. 2.
4th row.—K. to last 19 sts., turn.
5th row.—P. to last 2 sts., k. 2.

Continue working 2 sts. more on every alternate row until 7 sts. remain unworked, ending with a p. row.

In next row, (k. 6, k. 2 tog.) 7 times, k. 5, turn.

Continue working 2 sts. more on alternate rows until all sts. are back on one needle, ending with a p. row. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

With a damp cloth and hot iron press carefully. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, placing seam to seam. Sew 6 cast-on sts. in position on wrong side of back opening. Sew each half of collar to neck, catching narrow ends tog. at centre front, placing buttonhole in line with those on back. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

END

* * * * * *

THE TUNIC LINE (*Continued from page* 49)

row (134 sts.), then inc. at both ends of every other row until there are 170 sts. **Next row** (right side of work facing).—Cast on 2 sts., patt. 87 (including 2 cast-on sts.), turn, (leave other 85 sts. on spare needle), cast on 5 sts., p. to end. Keeping continuity of patt., cast on 2 sts. at beg. of k. rows, 7 times; cast on 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 k. rows (114 sts.). Inc. at centre front on next and every 10th row following 4 times (118 sts.), on every 8th row 3 times (121 sts.), on every 6th row twice (123 sts.). Work until sleeve edge measures same as back, then cast off, at beg. of k. rows, 10 sts., 4 times (83 sts.). Cast off at beg. of next p. row 28 sts., p. to end; cast off at beg. of next 2 k. rows, 10 sts. (35 sts.); cast off 5 sts. at beg. and dec. at end of next 4 k. rows (11 sts.). Cast off.

Join wool at centre front. Cast on 5 sts., patt. to end. Cast on 2 sts., p. to end. Work to match left side, reversing all shapings.

COLLAR

With No. 12 needles, cast on 40 sts. Work in patt., casting on 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows (70 sts.). Work 13 rows, dec. at beg. of 2nd and every row after, until there are 58 sts. Then inc. at beg. of every row until there are 70 sts. Work 1 row. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows. Cast off. Fold collar in half, right sides inside, and join at each end. Turn right side out, press.

TO MAKE UP

Fold front facings, right side inside, join top, turn out, and hem facings down to wrong side. Join centre back seam with a back st., about ⅛ in. down. Join fronts to back, starting at sleeve edge, using back st. Oversew darts at back and front. Make a small dart, on both sides of centre back seam, ½ in. away from seam, taking up ½ in. at top and tapering to nothing. Press under a wet cloth, with a hot iron, flattening seams carefully. Join side seams, sew underflap in place. Sew on buttons, matching buttonholes. Sew on collar. Make ¼ in. turning and hem sleeves. Give final press.

If button moulds are used, cover them as follows: with No. 13 needles, cast on 6 sts., work in patt., inc. at beg. of every row until there are 14 sts., then dec. at beg. of every row until 6 sts. remain. Cast off. Run a gathering thread round the edges, pull up round button mould, fasten securely, sew to garment.

END

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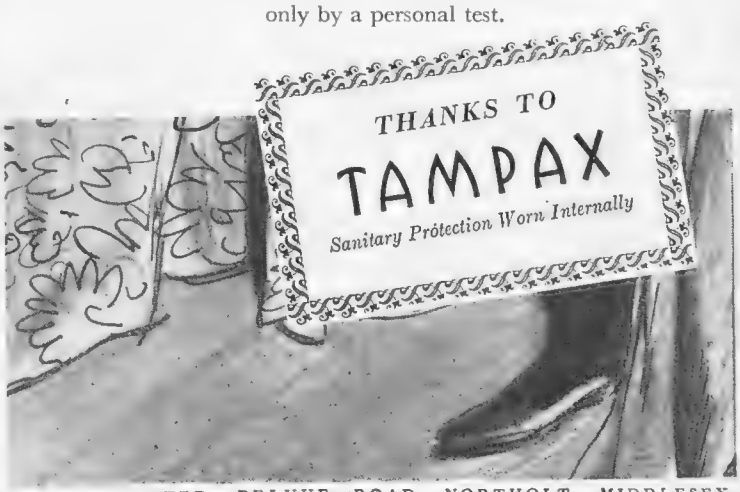

TAMPAX LIMITED, BELVUE ROAD, NORTHOLT, MIDDLESEX

Stormy Passage

(*Continued from page 24*)

and return to Marseilles, I had decided to see what the yards at Nice could do for me.

I must say they weren't over-co-operative. I had a good deal of trouble getting the work started in the first place, and after that there were so many interruptions and delays—the local shipyard workers were having their own peculiar labour troubles—that it looked as though I was going to be held up indefinitely. And I must admit that at first I was pretty browned off about it. But then I met Ann, and things were different.

HER surname was Thorne, a name most sailing types have heard of. Actually Ann's father was old Charlie Thorne, who was a very big noise in yachting circles before the war. He and his wife and children spent most of their summers cruising, with a spot of ocean racing thrown in. I'd met Charlie and his son Bob a good many times in one place or another, and I'd at least a nodding acquaintance with Mrs. Thorne. I'd never met Ann or her twin sister Janet. Of course they must have been quite young at the time, hardly admissible to yacht-club bars.

As for the Thorne's boat, I knew her well enough. She was this same little ketch *Windsong* that I had now come across in Nice. She was a lovely little craft, a familiar part of the picture at Cowes and Burnham-on-Crouch, and with quite a record as an offshore racer, too.

IT was spotting *Windsong* as I came into harbour at Nice that led to my meeting with Ann. As soon as I'd berthed *Kestrel* and settled down—I'd arrived in the early evening—I sculled across in the dinghy to look up the folk aboard. I found Ann there alone.

The next day I ran into her ashore, and over a drink I heard something of the Thornes' wartime history. It was an almost unbelievably tragic story. The parents had been killed in the blitz in London. Bob had lost his life in the Navy. Janet had been married a month to a Coastal Command pilot when he went out on a mission from which he didn't come back, and after a terrible year of bereavement, the poor girl had committed suicide.

They had obviously been a very devoted family, and the multiple tragedy had done awful things to Ann. She herself, sticking close to the sea like the rest, had spent pretty well the whole of the war in the W.R.N.S., but once it was all over she had found it impossible to stay in England, and as soon as she could manage it she had taken *Windsong* out to the Mediterranean, sailing her out there alone. That had been some time ago now, and since then she had rubbed along by chartering her boat, hiring herself out with it as crew. She insisted on crewing. The boat was her only comfort, and she wasn't going to be parted from it. But apart from that she hadn't cared much what happened to her.

IT was plain enough that she was a very unhappy girl, and I hadn't been knocking around there long before I began to realize she was being a very foolish one, too. There's no place like a quay for gossip, and soon I'd heard a good deal one way or another about Morris, whom Ann had been crewing for for some considerable time now, and I must say I didn't like any of what I'd heard. Morris was pretty shady, that was clear. And so were the activities the ketch was engaged in. She was smuggling. There wasn't much doubt about that. Which, briefly, meant that Ann was mixed up in a dangerous game. . . .

SHE touched my arm. I started. She smiled, and asked:

"Miles away?"

"Not really," I said.

"You will be soon, though. When are you leaving?"

I shrugged.

"I don't know," I said. "I can't see myself getting away in under ten days. What about you? Do you think you'll be back by then?"

"I can't tell you," she said. She wouldn't look at me, and I felt it badly that she couldn't bring herself to be more frank with me. Although we had known each other so short a time, there was very definitely something between us.

"Haven't you any idea?" I asked.

"I'm afraid not."

"But I may not see you again!"

She did not answer. She sat staring out across the harbour. She seemed all at once very aloof and alone. The expression on her lovely face was cruel, vengeful. It suited her ill. Fear for her again leaped within me, fear that she was in danger both from Morris and from the law. I was uncertain, too. What right had I to interfere?

My feelings found an escape in anger.

"For God's sake, why do you have to make this trip?" I asked. "Why don't you break with that blighter here and now? You know he's no good. He's certainly no good to you!"

"I've told you this is my last trip."

"You're damned obstinate, aren't you?" I burst out.

"Am I?"

"You certainly are! You're worse than that. You're a damned young fool!"

I was sorry as soon as I got it out. Ann made a move to get up from the table, but I put a hand on her arm to stop her.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I know it's none of my business."

She stayed. We talked. Things weren't entirely easy between us, and we kept to impersonalities. Most of the time we discussed the next stage of my route, east through the Med. I hadn't planned anything very definite. The only call I had to make was at Naples. Some gear was being sent out overland which I had to pick up there. Ann seemed very interested in this, although I had spoken of it several times before, and asked me a lot of questions about where I would berth in Naples, and so on.

IT was very late when we walked back to the quay. We came abreast of *Windsong*. I had a powerful impulse to take her in my arms then and there and beg her again not to leave. But she had left me and slipped aboard almost before I was aware of it.

I went back to *Kestrel*. There was nothing else I could do. I could not sleep, and I was up and about on deck before dawn. In the first faint light I saw *Windsong* glide like a lovely spectre out to sea. It was still too dark to make out anyone aboard. I knew Ann would be at the wheel, but I could not wave to her.

* * *

Time passed. In the end it was a fortnight before *Kestrel* was ready for sea again. By then *Windsong* still hadn't returned. I ought to have left, if I was going to keep anything like up to my schedule. But by this time nothing was farther from my mind. I was going to stay put, indefinitely. The only thing that mattered to me now was seeing Ann again.

A third week passed. I grew more restless and anxious all the time. I spent all day hanging around on board or along the waterfront, with frequent trips up to a vantage-point in the town from which I could search for the sail I so desperately longed to see.

That sail never hove in sight. Instead there came a hint of trouble. It began to be rumoured that *Windsong* had been caught by the Italians.

I tried to face the rumours. But then came a bombshell. The story broke officially. It was in the papers. The ketch had been caught. And she'd been smuggling with a vengeance. Narcotics. . . .

That was a frightful enough shock. But a worse one went with it. Ann had disappeared overboard. The Italian preventive officers had found Morris alone on board. He told them that when, two nights previously, he had come up from below to take his trick, he had found the wheel lashed and *Windsong* sailing herself.

I DON'T know if I can describe how I felt. It was ghastly to think Ann could have been mixed up with anything as filthy as dope. But the shock of that was lost in the shock of her loss. I was, more than anything else, stunned.

Then, quickly, there came another development. A certain Mrs. Lawson, a wealthy American woman who had a villa at Antibes and with whom Ann had been on terms of quite cordial friendship, went to the police with a letter. The letter was from Ann. It had come from Tunis, where *Windsong* had put in, and it suggested that Ann had been both desperately in love with Morris, and equally desperately afraid that he was going to murder her.

There was something wrong somewhere. The letter was hysterical, and there was no hysteria in Ann's make-up. Nor had she been in love with Morris. Quite the reverse. But I was in no state to realize anything of that just then.

And, of course, the letter was enough to cook Morris's goose properly.

* * *

Well, I saw Mrs. Lawson, and I saw the police. I took a train and went to see the authorities in Genoa, where *Windsong* had been brought in. None of it did any good. After that, back in Nice, I just hung around. I didn't know what else to do. I went through hell. I could not credit how, after what I'd seen in *Windsong's* cabin that evening, I could ever have been such a criminal fool as to let Ann go on that fatal trip. I was tortured by grief and remorse until I was almost out of my mind.

Then, suddenly, I had to get away. Nice, with its associations, all at once became intolerable to me. I longed to be at sea.

I put out, and sailed for two days and nights without the vaguest idea where I was going. After that I felt a little calmer. But I was still hopelessly at a loss. I no longer had the slightest interest in my projected voyage. And something was already urging me to return to Nice, little good though that could do. In the end I decided to go as far as Naples and pick up the stuff waiting for me there. That at least would give me some sort of objective. I would plan, if I could, from there.

IT was a perfect passage. The weather was wonderful. It could have been a comfortable, leisurely time. But I longed for the winds to blow, the sea to rage, so that I could have something to pit myself against. As it was, I stayed at the tiller pretty well the whole way, getting every ounce I could out of the old tub. I could not stand the great, aching emptiness inside me, and I was deliberately courting the merciful numbness of utter physical exhaustion.

I was fairly successful. By the time I reached Naples I was like a man moving in his sleep.

I picked up my gear and moved immediately out from the quay, anchoring some distance off. It was a very hot day, and the Neapolitan waterfront was decidedly ripe. By noon I knew it wasn't going to last. The atmosphere was getting more and more sticky and oppressive, and the glass had begun to fall.

AN hour or so later it was obvious that something pretty violent was brewing. A damp, hot wind had begun to blow, dead out of the south, and the glass was going down spectacularly.

Soon *Kestrel* was tugging impatiently at her chain. And her restlessness was infecting me.

The wind rapidly increased. By early evening it had become a shrieking fury, and the sky had become (*Continued on page 80*)

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overcast with a thick, dark purple murk. The fishing feluccas were running in for shelter. It was the sirocco.

As darkness fell, unnaturally early, *Kestrel* was rolling and pitching violently, snubbing her cable. And I made up my mind to set sail. I was longing to get out and lose myself in the black night and the storm.

I got busy. There was no hope of carrying any ordinary canvas in that weather, so I stowed the mainsail and bent on the storm trysail. And it was while I was doing this that the creak of oars and the slap of waves told me a boat was approaching. I took no notice, expecting it to pass. But it didn't. It came surging wildly alongside, and with a shouted word of thanks and farewell someone clambered aboard *Kestrel*. . . .

I was still a man moving in his sleep, living through some utterly impossible dream, for as I stood there on the violently heaving deck with the moan and shriek of the wind in the rigging all above and about me, I simply could not really believe it was Ann that was in my arms.

* * *

It was getting on for midnight. *Kestrel* was still at anchor. Ann and I were below.

And now, at last, she had come to the end of her fantastic story. . . .

She sat quite still for a moment, her head averted. Then she looked directly at me.

"Peter—take me with you," she said.

I lit my pipe. The act gave me a moment or two's respite, but it wasn't much good to me. My thoughts were in a whirl.

"Is that really the way to do it?" I asked.

She reached across the table and gripped my hand.

"It's the one thing I've been living for," she said. "Can't you see this is my chance for a new life? I've a clean sheet—new papers, a new identity. Can't you see what a wonderful chance this is for me to make a completely fresh start?"

It was true. She had a new set of papers. But they were phoney. The fresh start could only be a false start, too. And even a man like Morris had a right to justice——

I wanted to tell her this. But I couldn't. I think it was because I so desperately wanted her to work it out for herself. . . .

"We'll get out of here, anyway," I said.

I found some sort of seagoing rig for her. She was ridiculously lost inside my spare set of oilskins, and I can remember being amazed even then that anyone so slight and seemingly fragile should have gone through what she had.

I can remember too how wonderful it seemed to have her with me. As we got under way, and I made my way aft after heaving in the anchor, I felt a deep surge of joy at the sight of her at the tiller.

KESTREL, gallant little ship, went driving sturdily out into the teeth of the storm. The night was black and thick with rain and driving spray. The last of the shore lights quickly disappeared astern. Ann sat close by my side in the cockpit. We were alone in a world of wild, tempestuous chaos.

For hours we sat there together at the tiller, drenched and buffeted without a moment's respite. We had very little to say to each other. It wasn't easy to talk. And we were in no very communicative mood anyway. Ann had said her piece, at least for the time being—and she'd given me more than enough to think about.

* * *

In the cabin before we left, Ann had told me the whole story.

She told me that when she came out from England, she had been in a restless, desperate state, craving excitement as the only anodyne for her unhappiness. And Morris had had that excitement to offer. That was how they had come to get together in the first place. But it didn't mean they liked each other even then.

Anyway, get together they did, and Ann played along for as long as *Windsong's* activities were confined to the smuggling of the more common contraband commodities. But then, when it was to be dope for the first time, it was a very different matter.

Morris knew, though, that Ann would almost certainly kick if she knew what *Windsong's* latest cargo was to be, so he did his best to keep it from her. But she found out. And with that things flared to a crisis. The relationship between them had been pretty bad for a long time anyway. She was basically as good as he was rotten, and they'd been well on the way towards hating each other. Now that hatred leaped suddenly to full growth, with fierce contempt added on her side, and fear on his.

Fearful that she would betray him, Morris decided to get rid of her.

I ASKED Ann why she didn't break with Morris as soon as she'd found out about the dope. She said that it was some strange, deep compulsion that forced her to remain. Even when she knew he was planning to murder her, it made no difference. Except that she began to do a little planning of her own.

How she discovered his intention I still do not fully understand, but discover it she did. She knew he was planning to get rid of her, and guessed he meant her to go over the side while they were at sea. His virtual admission of this, which she had so subtly led him into that night when I was aboard in Nice, was her final check before the fateful last trip.

That trip was to Tunis.

The nerve of it! That she should have set sail like that, alone with her would-be murderer! But Ann knew what she was doing. She knew she was safe for the major part of the trip. Morris was no yachtsman, and certainly no navigator. A day's run, single-handed, was about as much as he could cope with. So she felt she would be free from his attentions until *Windsong* was within a few hours of home. By which time she would have taken a hand in things herself.

IT was a brilliantly laid plan. First, the letter to Mrs. Lawson had been written, a letter nicely calculated to make that good woman uneasy, but not to the extent of doing anything about it. Then on the return voyage Ann had laid a course close to the Italian coast, where she had good friends, met in the course of "business," friends who even if they weren't on the right side of the law, were loyal enough to her.

And on the third night of the homeward run the thing was done. While Morris snored in his bunk—he had had a little something in his coffee to make him sleep soundly—*Windsong* kept a rendezvous with a fishing-boat. It was very neatly, quietly, and quickly done. It was little more than a matter of Ann's stepping from one boat to the other, whereupon the fishing-boat put about for land, while *Windsong*, with her wheel lashed, sailed herself steadily to the westward.

The rest can be briefly told. Ann was soon ashore. She sent an anonymous message to the preventive authorities as to the nature of *Windsong's* business. (It went against the grain, she said, but when grains of morphine were in question she had no compunction.) And that—and the letter—took care of Morris.

Ann soon had her new papers. All that remained then was for her to get to me at Naples. No wonder she had been interested in my putting in there!

* * *

That was the wildest of nights. And the conflict of the elements was matched by the conflict of feeling within me. Amazement and admiration fought against apprehension and deep misgiving.

All night we sailed, directly out from the land. I gave no thought to our course. My only object was to get as far out to sea as possible.

AT last, with *Kestrel* still fighting her way close hauled on the starboard tack, there came a hint of dawn. . . .

Suddenly, in the half light, I became aware that Ann was watching me, gravely, intently. I saw something else too in her face, a composure, a serenity that certainly hadn't been there the previous evening.

I put my arm round her and drew her close.

"It's getting light," I said.

"I know," she said.

All at once she laughed.

"I know!" she repeated. And then she said: "Peter—could we have some cocoa?"

"Right away," I said.

I left the helm to her and went below, with that laugh of hers still in my ears. Little as I had understood it, it had been a truly wonderful thing to hear. It had been so happy and so free——

The saucepan nearly shot off the stove with our violent change of course. I grabbed it and rescued it. But I wasted no more time. I went rushing up through the hatch.

Kestrel was leaping forward exultantly, with the wind coming free over the port side. Ann was standing up at the tiller, her hair flying.

"We're going back, Peter!" she cried when she saw me. "We're going back!"

I stood there looking at her. She was a lovely, radiant figure. And behind her was all the glory of the breaking day.

END

Holiday On The Cheap

(*Continued from page 22*)

He knows the ground, he knows what he should pay, the innkeeper is probably a friend, his tastes run to things which cost little or no money—the sun, swimming, walking, wine bibbing (this, if confined to the little wines of the district, is possible on £25), perhaps to mildly cultural pursuits in the form of sketching, cave visiting, architectural study . . . well, he needs advice neither from me or anyone else. And he can have his holiday on £25 and good luck to him.

Second, the man who cannot claim great knowledge of the Continent but who has determined to make a start this year and is equally determined to work it out alone. Now, we come here to a strange circumstance which is irritating but true—that when it comes to living cheaply, local knowledge goes a very, very long way.

Soon after Mr. Butler wielded his axe, I had a letter from a friend—an Englishwoman—who lives in Rome. She said she was astonished and irritated by the stuff she had read in the British Press, which implied that the cut ruled out a holiday in Italy. Why, she wrote, "it would be perfectly possible to spend a fortnight comfortably in, say, the Veneto, on £25; three weeks would be possible if a little care were taken. I did it myself last summer."

I am sure that she did; but the point is that she has lived in Rome for a number of years, she travels frequently around the country, she speaks excellent Italian. She knows precisely what she should pay for anything and if an innkeeper asks more than she thinks reasonable she can argue the toss—Italians quite enjoy this sort of amiable tussle. She is keenly interested in fine cooking, can sniff out a good cheap restaurant a mile away and her knowledge of the subject enables her to order with a perfect balance between economy and good value. The mere fact that she is at home in Italy, and speaks the language, prevents people like taxi drivers, porters, bar attendants, from charging more than they would charge an Italian.

Such people can be (*Continued on page 82*)

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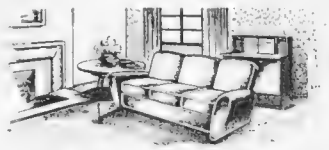

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venal the world over—it is not confined to Italians; the tourist is fair game, and it is fun trying to make an extra penny out of him. And they often do make quite a few extra pennies out of the novice traveller who does not understand what they say, anyway.

This, I think, is a very important point. If you fall into the second category, if you do not know your France, or Spain, or Italy, but are determined to make a start and are equally and doggedly determined not to let an agency help you—be warned. Do not think that because friend X, who has, apart from the war, for twenty years spent his holidays in the Pyrenees, says he will manage very well on £25, that you can do the same. Of course you may, you may find you have a genius for the art of travelling well and inexpensively. But it is more likely that you will have to learn like the rest of us, and that can be expensive.

TO such people, then, I would suggest that they do not stray too far from home. Central France is a good testing ground; it is not tourist-ridden and prices, in comparison with those charged in fashionable holiday areas, are low. In the Ardennes, which sprawl across part of France, Belgium and all of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg there is charming wooded country, sparkling with clear streams and dotted with attractive villages and small towns, many nestling beside the rivers which coil themselves through precipitous, wooded valleys. Public transport is limited but this is wonderful walking country and the roads are good for motorists. There are few large towns and fewer still luxury hotels but many smaller and pleasant ones.

The countryside around St. Hubert in the Belgian Ardennes, a most charming place in itself, is almost solid forest. Esch-sur-Sure, in the Grand Duchy, is characteristic of the larger villages of this district with a river winding itself round the town sheltered beneath wooded slopes.

Vianden lies on the northern border of Germany and the Grand Duchy. In this quarter the countryside is somewhat flatter but green and soft and peppered with charming villages.

Normandy, inland from the sea, is also a possibility; it is a lovely country, full of small, enchanting towns, there are rivers and orchards and good strong calvados and wonderful cream, fresh eggs and miraculous butter. For £1 or 25s. a day, the novice should manage very well.

ALL this, of course, applies to those who want to move around a bit, who do not want to settle firmly in one hotel and stay there till the money runs out. The latter group, the people who seek security and repose and have no taste for one night stands, for local buses and cheap eating places, form my third category.

Frankly, I see every reason in the world why such people should go to an agent, and no reason against it. There are, of course, popular misconceptions about what is entailed by booking an arranged holiday; it is thought that the whole thing will be over-gregarious from beginning to end; that members of the party will be herded together, that they may even be obliged to pin coloured identity labels on their coats, that there will be no escape, ever.

This, in fact, is rubbish. Booking through an agent merely means that you have no trouble; your tickets are booked and your seats reserved, your hotel accommodation is assured, your currency (if you wish) is obtained for you in the form of traveller's cheques, the agent will, again if you wish, get your passport for you if necessary. He will also, in quoting for an inclusive holiday, cover expenses such as the transport of your luggage from station to hotel, tips and local taxes. He will tell you exactly what this will cost in full, how much of the total must come from your currency allowance, and precisely what you will have left for spending money.

That is probably the greatest comfort of all; you can go off knowing that all your basic expenses have been met, and that if you are told you have £10 left for incidentals, you will have it. And you do not go off in a herd, if you are not herd minded; you can go as and where you want, you need join no organized party, take part in no organized pastimes. The holiday can be as individual or gregarious as you please.

On this basis, travel agents can offer holidays in most of the countries of western Europe within the £25 limit. A fortnight will be a little difficult to manage; ten days is nearer the mark, because it is irksome, on holiday, to be obliged to think several times before spending a cent. Nevertheless it should be possible to visit both Spain and Austria for a fortnight without undue parsimony.

For example, a fortnight in Vorarlberg—the province of Austria which lies between Tyrol and Switzerland—takes only £15 from the allowance, and this sort of mountain, open-air holiday does not call for much additional expense. The same deduction would be made for fourteen days in Majorca.

Holiday On The Cheap

Ten days in Brittany costs in all £19, with £9 from the allowance; a week on the Belgian coast costs about £14, of which £7 10s. comes from the allowance. Paris—most visited of all capitals—can be achieved, too; one agent arranges eight days there for £14, which covers fares, hotel room and breakfast. It is much better, in such a town, to be free to lunch and dine where one pleases, and as only £4 10s. is deducted from the allowance, there is £20 10s. left on which to do it.

COACH tours will also be possible; countries covered include France, Switzerland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Italy, Spain and Germany. Particularly good value is a 12-day tour of France and Spain, visiting San Sebastian (two nights), Burgos, Madrid (two nights), Zaragoza, Barcelona (two nights), and Paris. This tour is by rail to Biarritz, by coach through Spain, by rail from the southern French frontier at Cerbère back to England. The total cost is 52 guineas, £15 10s. from the allowance.

Finally, for those of independent spirit who like breaking fresh ground, it is worth mentioning that Gibraltar is an excellent jumping off point for southern Spain, and as a base it also has the great merit of being in the sterling area; you may take as much money as you want for your stay there.

Near at hand, Cadiz is an interesting town; there are two reliable and inexpensive hotels, de Francia and Paris, the bathing is good and many interesting excursions can be made in the immediate neighbourhood. To the east Malagà is well known for its mild winter and spring climate and delightful surroundings; and all the way up the coast are many small, charming villages with perfect beaches and bathing and very inexpensive pensions. Few English penetrate as far south as this and at places like, for example, Bendorm, in the province of Alicante, board and lodging can be had for 15s. a day, or even less.

Should you fly B.E.A. to Gibraltar you can, without extra cost, break your journey in Madrid and Bordeaux; I think Gibraltar has great possibilities.

To sum up, we can have our Continental holiday this year—we can see the Mediterranean, enjoy a sizzling sun, walk in the Alps, eat and drink and be merry; but withal in a moderate way which leaves behind it no indigestion.

END

The Small Towns Of Britain

(*Continued from page 21*)

for instance, is market town for the Land's End areas, a centre to which farmers come to sell their stock and their wives to buy their rations and household goods. Market day in Penzance, like market day in any of Britain's hundreds of small towns, is a lively, busy, crowded day. The town is thronged with people and cars, there are greetings and reunions, and believe me a real "atmosphere" unknown to city dwellers.

Guildford in Surrey, Aylesbury in Bucks, Petersfield in Hampshire, are three examples that come to my mind of representative small towns. In each there are thriving local industries, a strong civic life and many cultural forces, such as a local theatre (the Guildford Repertory Theatre Company being one of the best known in the country).

Wales and Scotland have their small towns, too. What a delightful place is Monmouth, set on a hill among a sea of hills. Bangor in the north, Aberystwyth in the centre, Carmarthen in the south—Wales is fortunate, like Cornwall, in the variety of her small towns. In Scotland one thinks of Lanark and Dumfries, and such distant unique small towns as Lerwick in the Shetland Isles, Kirkwall in the Orkneys. And what about the Isle of Man, with Ramsey, and the lovely Channel Islands, whose St. Helier (Jersey) and St. Peter Port (Guernsey) are real community centres?

In all these places, and many others like them, you have only to be in the town for a short while to become aware of a definite sense of character. It may not always be a character which attracts—I have never, for instance, been really drawn to small towns like Barnet or Uxbridge, which are on the point of being swamped by the sprawling environs of London; and some of the bleak Yorkshire towns are not to my taste.

But I have wandered with infinite pleasure about the streets of Haverfordwest, county town of Pembrokeshire, examining with approval the old Georgian houses, leaning over the bridge and watching the lazy river traffic. In the same way, I never tire of visiting Henley or Marlow, those lovely Thameside towns, whose buildings again are a source of such pleasure to the eye.

BUT I see I am no nearer to defining just what it is that makes a small town tick. I fancy that if you were to take all the small towns in Britain and analyse their institutions and activities, you would find a very simple common basis. Items like theatres, museums, youth clubs, drama societies, a few good schools, local industries and crafts, independent local newspapers, a lively town council, good football and cricket teams, and so on.

But those are humdrum things, merely the basis for the magic that belongs to each small town. And each one has a different kind of magic, made up of the people there now and the people who belong to its history, the old houses that still stand in memory of different, more leisurely days—and the new ones that rise up hopefully for the future. Penzance is more particularly Penzance because it was the birth place of Sir Humphrey Davey. Aldeborough, in Suffolk, will always be associated with George Crabbe, the poet, just as Westerham in Kent is famous locally as the birthplace of General Wolfe. And, of course, there's always Shakespeare's Stratford and Hardy's Dorchester—two ideal small towns in my opinion, though I fancy the inhabitants would turn up their noses at the adjective "small"!

So, on second thoughts, I won't try to define small towns. I will merely pay tribute to the pleasure they have given one traveller—who hopes to visit many more in the future. Ludlow, Chichester, Cirencester, Llangollen, Stirling, Skipton, Chepstow, Ross, Chard, Yeovil, Conway, Caernarvon, Pembroke, Ashton-under-Lyne. . . . There's really no end to them, the small towns of Britain!

END

Thrills And Furbelows

(*Continued from page* 15)

the possibilities of attractiveness are still enormous. Slim hips can be as beautiful as exaggerated ones. Shoes and ankles are neater now than they have ever been. Hats, unlike the lamentable cloche, are perky and self-confident. Instead of the flatness of the twenties there is an agreeable emphasis on the bust. Woman to-day is frankly feminine even though without exaggeration.

What do men think about all this? For, after all, our clothes are dictated to us by the deepest unconscious desires of the opposite sex.

Most women will tell you that they dress to please themselves; but women do not wear the clothes they like. They like the clothes they wear. And men like them, too. Even when they criticize the new fashions they are still susceptible to them. When a man tells you that the dresses of such and such a date were charming, note the date. That was when he ceased to be interested in women. The modern man finds the modern woman attractive—isn't that enough?

No! Women have not lost their weapons. They have simply burnished new ones and directed attention once more to charms too long mislaid. And perhaps this is the whole essence of the matter. If we accept, as I think we must, the psychologists' theory, woman's greatest weapon is—perpetual change.

Let her therefore attack man, as she has always done, fully armed, and with one deadly and delightful weapon in reserve—her smile.

END

The Receiving End Of A Hypnotist

(*Continued from page* 16)

heavily, falling more deeply into sleep. Yet all the time one part of me was eagerly awake. I could hear my hypnotist and reply to him, but I could not stir nor open my eyes. This wakeful part never slept. Had he made a suggestion likely to lead to injury, as for example that I should leap out of the window, this wakeful part would have refused. I saw that hypnotism has limits, and many a schoolboy thriller lost its savour at that moment.

The whole point of hypnosis now became clear: he was by-passing the everyday analytical part of the mind so as to address himself directly to the unconscious which, by some error yet to be discovered, was giving me asthma.

He suggested me into an asthmatic state, and out of it, to prove that it was controlled purely by thought. He began to probe into my reactions to gas. Why did I dislike third-class smoking compartments, dance-halls, public-houses, and the smell on the landing? What story had I read in which *gas* had seemed so horrible? What experience, round about 1935 say, related to gas?

I could think of nothing, yet oddly enough, I began to sweat. Something was down there, and a sleeping part of me knew it. The hypnotist, all the while cautioning me to breathe deeply and sleep, asked me to recall my earlier years, my nineteenth, eighteenth—seventeenth. And suddenly I remembered.

A neighbour's boy had shut himself in his garage, led a rubber-pipe from the exhaust of his car to the driving-seat, taken his place behind the wheel, and started the car. He and I had been no more than acquaintances. I had almost forgotten the tragedy. But it had struck deeper than I knew, for the anguish of recollection was such that I began to shed salt tears, even while asleep.

I begged the hypnotist to change the subject but he wouldn't—he ordered me to take a sensible and well-balanced view of the occurrence, to remember that a suicide is self-induced and that the odds of an accidental gas-leak murdering me and mine were in the order of five million to one.

After giving me some practical advice on breathing and the release of bodily tensions, he told me that he would count seven and that at the word "seven" I should wake up and give a big smile. He counted seven, I opened my eyes, and smiled.

It would be nice to say that from that day forward I was free from asthma, but it is obvious that a bad habit acquired over years can only be corrected by long self-discipline. But after only three visits, I can see the end. My unconscious has seen the light.

TO the hypnotist my case was a routine one. He prefers the odd cases. I learned of a girl of seventeen who used to fall asleep all over the place—at table, in school, or on a bus. In a deep hypnotic trance this "narcoleptic" revealed that when evacuated the woman who had charge of her had once said: "Sleep, sleep, that's all you'll ever be good for!" The girl's unconscious mind had taken the hint too literally. The hypnotist simply told the unconscious that in future it was to feel sleepy only at bedtime, since when the girl had slept at reasonable hours.

What is the moral of these strange case-histories? According to Dr. Philip Magonet, who is President of the Medical Hypnosis Association, no branch of medical science has been so neglected, misrepresented and misunderstood. America and Russia are at least agreed upon this, that hypnotism properly applied is as worthy a handmaiden of medicine as anaesthetics. But not Great Britain. As things go, another hundred years must pass before hypnosis comes under National Health.

END

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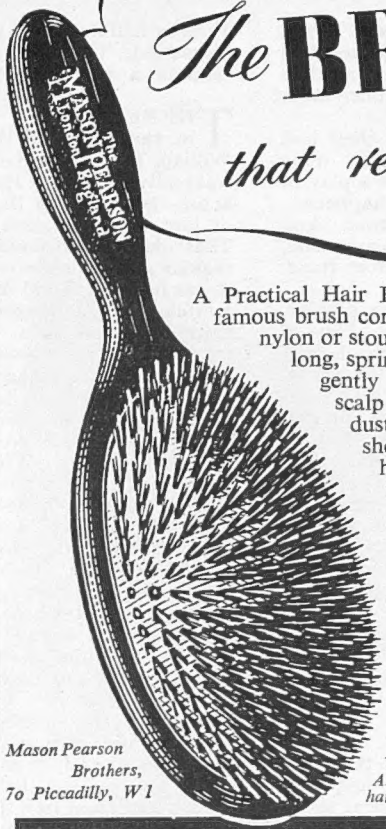

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Down The Strand (*Continued from page 29*)

Scrooge, step from the pages of Dickens. It was a *tour-de-force* and remains the ideal representation of that character. But Christmas time came round again and this couple once more staged a Christmas play.

When they had done comedy, they had done children's plays and they had done "Scrooge," Hicks and his wife gave a play of fragrant romance—a classic, as it happens—by J. M. Barrie, called *Quality Street*. And whilst that held the stage at the Vaudeville, the Strand was indeed Quality Street itself.

BUT the Hicks's, after this great success, turned on something new. This time it was musical comedy. Hicks, greatly daring, threw down the gauntlet to George Edwardes, it was David and Goliath in real life. True, Edwardes was not defeated, or even checked in his stride. But then, neither was Seymour Hicks. He wrote the book himself, with Cosmo Hamilton. He got Charles Taylor for the lyrics and the music was by Herbert E. Haines and Evelyn Baker. He made a musical play of London life, that London he loved, understood and of which, despite his Channel Islands origin, he was so much a part, and called it *The Catch of the Season*.

It lived up to its title. The leading lady was to have been his beloved Ella. But she could not play; she was starring in another rôle at home—there was expectation of a happy event.

So he gave another girl a chance, a girl he had watched, a girl who had been on the stage almost since infancy, and whom he had seen and approved in a very good musical show called *Sergeant Brue*, originally produced at the old Strand Theatre (a ghost now), and transferred to the Prince of Wales. Her name was Zena Dare. To her, Seymour Hicks entrusted the lead in *The Catch of the Season*, to play opposite him. Her character was "Angela"—he was "The Duke of St. Jermyn's." It was the gayest, most glittering show. It made history. In it, Seymour Hicks nearly founded a new male fashion. He wore evening dress but, instead of trousers, he had knee breeches. It was a sensation, as worn by him. Never had he looked more handsome or more charming. The young men about town rushed to follow. But alas, few of them had as neat a leg or as good a calf—so the mode came to nothing.

Charles Dana Gibson, the American artist, had introduced the Gibson Girl to the world. She was a new type—and created as much of a sensation as the earlier girls of George du Maurier had done and whom the Gibson Girls resembled. These tall, stately, gracious ladies became a standard of beauty.

THERE were many "supers" at this time in the plays at the Adelphi, including William Terriss. Among them was a man who was really demented. He imagined he was a fine actor—he imagined that Terriss was jealous of him and kept him from his just place. That idea was fostered by two other of the regular actors in the company, who thought it was fun. Little did they dream of what was to follow. A show came along when not so many supers as usual were wanted and this man—whose name was Prince—was sacked. He was sure Terriss had done it. He waylaid him and poured out his woes in incoherent flood. Terriss did not know what he was talking about—tried to cheer him up and gave him some money. With that money Prince bought a butcher's knife.

He waited for Terriss in the shadows of a dark thoroughfare—Bull Inn Court. Terriss never used the stage door, he went through a private door, for which he had a key, which led to his dressing-room. That fatal night, December 16, 1897, Terriss was turning the key in the lock when Prince sprang upon him and stabbed him mortally with the knife. He was seized and hurried away. Terriss was laid at the foot of a little staircase. Hicks, playing at the Gaiety, was sent for and rushed round. His father-in-law died in his arms, with the whole company standing by in awe. And one of that company, an actor named Lane, had seen the whole thing happen in his dreams the previous night—a strange case of premonition!

Ellaline Terriss lay very ill. It was a long time before she could be told. So, to the Hicks's, the Adelphi brought tragedy as well as success. The whole nation mourned poor William Terriss, who was only forty-nine when he met his untimely end. Prince was sent to Broadmoor and died there not many years ago. . . .

BUT a far brighter page of the Adelphi was when Gertie Millar went there in 1910. On November 5 that year she appeared in a musical play called *The Quaker Girl*. That was indeed a theatrical firework.

Music and melodrama—that was the Adelphi in the Strand, and in all the melodramas it ever staged, it never thought of anything more fantastically dramatic than the night when Ivor Novello returned to the stage from serving his prison sentence. There was a flying bomb raid on. The sirens had wailed and bombs had come over and exploded. But as Ivor made his entrance—outside the theatre there came the welcome strains of the "All Clear," right on the cue as he stepped on the stage. And the audience endorsed that verdict.

THE Savoy Theatre, down in the Strand, is a story on its own! And where the Aldwych Tube Station now stands was the old Strand Theatre, a queer little place but the home of a success—and never was a success greater than *A Chinese Honeymoon*, written by George Dance—who was to be knighted and become a millionaire—with music by John Crook.

This ran on and on, for 1,075 performances, beginning in 1901. It was a really good musical show—a funny story well told, for Dance could always do that—and a marvellous cast. There was Joe Farren Soutar, son of the great Nellie Farren—as the hero, clever Marie Dainto as the heroine, that rich ripe and rare comedian of all the talents, Arthur Williams, as "Mr. Pineapple," Picton Roxborough, the tallest actor on the stage, as "Emperor" and, as the juvenile lead playing opposite to Farren Soutar, a young girl of great loveliness whose talent was not as yet fully realized but who later was to electrify London as *The Merry Widow* herself, for her name was Lily Elsie.

There was somebody else, too, who was largely responsible for the phenomenal success of this play, a curious Puck-like, dwarfish person, of few inches but immense genius, the embodiment of mischief, the embodiment of the real clown—little Louie Freear.

Maybe she is forgotten now but she was really remarkable. She could do it all—and she did do it all.

And all that started in the Strand, at a little theatre with a long history which is now a ghost. Nowadays the Aldwych Tube Station stands on the site and hurrying crowds hear the clang of the tube trains where once gay, unique Louie Freear sang of Twiddley Bits and Grand Pianos. So Life changes, so things come and go. But through all the years—the century of changing London—the Strand still runs east to west—a great highway. famous in song and story and still myriads and myriads of people—unheeding the past but full of the present—go rushing Down the Strand. . . .

END

Old Rose (*Continued from page 41*)

IT was some time towards the close of the eighteenth century that horticulturists introduced into Europe the China Rose and the Tea Rose—though it was not until well on into the nineteenth century that they began to appear, as novelties, in the gardens of the more adventurous rose growers. Then the fun began. By a skilful mixing of the species—a matter too professional to go into here—the now omniscient Hybrid Perpetuals and Hybrid Teas were created. They became immediate favourites, especially, perhaps, the H.P.s, whose habit of perpetual flowering at once gave them a pull over the older roses with a normal flowering span of six weeks.

It has never seemed to me very reasonable that we should insist on our roses blooming all through the summer and into the autumn, when we are apparently quite content for our other flowers not to do so. As for the colours of the new roses, for all their variety and ingenuity of blending, I do not think they are a patch on the simpler yet subtler colours of the old roses. Accustomed as we are to the stronger colours of to-day, it naturally takes some time to appreciate to the full the charming hues of the old-fashioned roses: they seem at first too quiet, too unadventurous—much as the tone of a harpsichord, until we know it well, may seem inferior to that of a piano.

In fact, as you will probably have guessed by now, I have grown so fond of the old roses that there is even a trace of snobbery creeping into my preference. But why not? "Nobody knows," wrote the poet de la Mare, "through what wild centuries roves back the rose"; and I like to remember that my old-fashioned roses are of such ancient ancestry that the H.P.s and H.T.s are by comparison the merest upstarts.

I like to know that my Rosa Mundi (*R. gallica versicolor*), smothering its stubby bush each summer with hundreds of erratically striped pink and crimson blooms, derives its name from Fair Rosamund, the mistress of Henry II, and that it is a near relative of the historically famous York and Lancaster rose itself. I admit to experiencing a thrill when, gazing at one of those early flower paintings wherein the artist has taken so little account of the seasons that he has recklessly crammed daffodil and honeysuckle, convolvulus and tulip, all on to the same canvas, I can name his roses from those growing in my own garden to-day.

For, of course, following the example of our doctor's wife, I have had to start my own collection of these old-fashioned roses. It is not so difficult to do now, because there is at least one nursery in England that grows nothing else. Upwards of some five hundred varieties of old roses are kept in stock and all available at a most reasonable price. As yet my own collection is a modest one; but there is not a single rose in it that has not, I find, kindled increasing pleasure with familiarity. Napoleon's Hat (*R. cent. cristata*) is there, bearing its winged calyx aloft like a cockade; so is the popular Austrian Copper (*R. foetida bicolor*), its rounded petals glowing so gloriously in the sunshine; and Nuits de Young (*R. cent. muscosa*), with velvety blooms that are almost black in certain lights; and the tiny Madame Pierre Oger (*R. bourboniana*), indeed a charmer, as the catalogues too often deceptively say. But even a selective list would not be complete if I missed out two that cost me nothing but a word of thanks. For, of course, I have a Maiden's Blush, to carry on our village tradition, whilst my bush of Cabbage Roses must ever remind me of its gracious giver, an old cottager sweet herself as a nosegay of roses.

1.4.52

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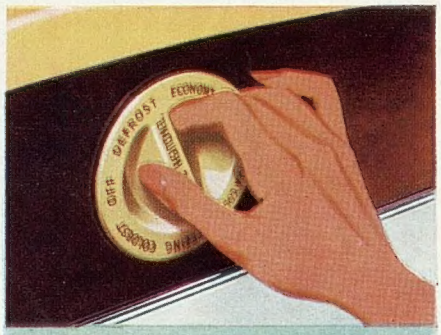

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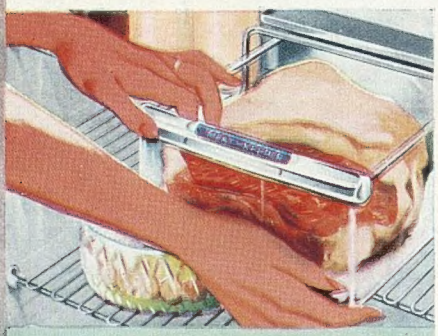

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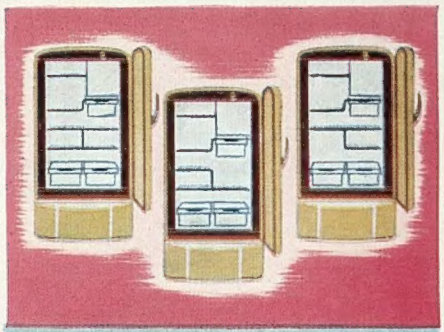

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